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THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is a general notion that, however difficult or dangerous a man's calling may be, "it is nothing when you're used to it." Of course, it is not so bad as it seems to the amateur, but it is very much worse than it seems to these armchair philosophers. There are terrible mischances and deplorable errors, if not catastrophes, in all of them. The pitcher that goes often to the well, if it is not broken at last, gets considerably chipped, though the public eye may not observe it. One wonders how many times the great Blondin has been, to his own knowledge, within a hair's-breadth of destruction, though he would have us think that earth and air are one to him, and that if only a rope could be stretched taut enough he would reach the moon. A provincial lion-tamer has just died in his bed, tolerably successful in his profession but quite unknown to fame: yet no one out of a penny dreadful has probably ever met with a tenth of his escapes and adventures. At seventeen years of age, when engaged in a travelling circus, he was so fortunate as to obtain an engagement "as bottom densman in Wombwell's No. 2 Menagerie." This is a beginning at the very lowest rung of the ladder, only to be paralleled by one of Mr. Samuel Smiles's millionaires, who comes to town with half a crown in his pocket. Mr. Newcomb did not even come to town, but only to Ramsgate. Yet from this humble position he rose to be almost the lion-tamer. Five of these animals once agreed together they would rather be wild lions, and "went for" him: "then there were two"; but, in polishing off the other three, this man received nine wounds and other grievous injuries. He had previously had an eye torn out by a leopard. None of these things seems to have much moved him; but, in the memoirs of an ordinary person (a man of letters, for instance), these incidents would have certainly "lent themselves" to the biographer, and probably "suggested" illustrations.

People are making very merry over the Italian Prince who has been disposing of his title for a ten-pound note. Even if it was for ready money it was certainly cheap; but then, it seems he could make any number of folk Princes. The fountain of honour was, as it were, on the premises, and he had only to turn the cock. Apart from that circumstance, and the smallness of the equivalent, it is hard to see what is ridiculous in the arrangement. If titles were always the reward of merit with us, our laughter would be justified; but there is no pretence of such a thing. The oldest and highest titles in this country have been the rewards of immortality; the newest have not, indeed, been sold, but have been bestowed upon persons "too rich to remain commoners." It was a saying of one of our Prime Ministers "that every man with £20,000 a year ought to have a peerage." It is notorious that "sacrifices for the party" (either party), which means expenditure of cash, is the strongest claim to titular distinction. There are a few military, legal, and even literary persons added to our House of Honour, to give the notion of merit, like citron in the cake, but the cake is dough. Under these circumstances, and considering how even the best of us are often tickled with a straw, why should not titles be bestowed upon our leading philanthropists in proportion to the sums given in their lifetime to the common weal? It would stimulate benevolence immensely, and render millionaires—who have at present no turn that way—most useful members of society. The *nouveaux riches* would thus be done away with—in itself a gigantic boon—and transferred into a legion of honour.

The admirable article upon the dandies of the Regency in *Blackwood* for January has rescued them, not too soon, from unmerited oblivion. There really was something in them, which can be said of no other dandies. Some of them had wit and, what is more surprising, naturalness: they said what first came into their heads, and it was often very good. They had an agreeable insolence about them that was very taking. Beau Brummel, though a leader of fashion, was not a dandy of this high class. He was rude, but scarcely witty, and much given to practical jokes—some of them cruel ones, such as putting the sugar in the old French emigrant's hair-pouch. The best thing about him was his indifference to the sneers about his origin; but he was not intellectually of the same class as Alvanley and his like. Brummel's connection with them has done the dandies harm, and it is quite right that one of the few who remember them in their habits as they lived (and they were very queer ones) should have done tardy justice to their memory.

These dandies were altogether different from the fops of a preceding age. They made a ridiculous fuss about their dress, but half of it was affectation; they were not the mere "May-fair clothes-horses" which Carlisle derides; whereas the fops were fools, and took even a greater pleasure in the adornment of their persons than the modern masquer. Sir Lambert Blackwell and the Duke of St. Albans strove who should outshine the other in splendour. The Duke found his host, the Knight, attired one day at dinner in a most superb Lyons brocade; when Sir Lambert returned the visit, his Grace took care to have his servants tricked out in the same costly apparel. Such was his notion of epigram. So late as 1770 the appearance of "a macaroni" in the Assembly Rooms at Whitehaven is thus described: "He had a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat, and breeches covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes, and large pearl buckles; a mushroom-coloured stock covered with fine point lace, hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins." Pretty!

It certainly seems strange that the task of writing on Exercise in our International Scientific Series should have been entrusted to a Frenchman; but we are too apt to associate exercise in England with athletic games. It is possible to put the muscles in motion without running after a ball.

"In French schools," observes an English writer, "the toil of the gymnasium and the trapeze is still preferred to the more natural and entertaining exercise of cricket." As to cricket being natural, one never hears of the game being in vogue except in one highly civilised community; and, indeed, the uninstructed mind seems about as likely to hit upon that intricate invention as to associate mint sauce with lamb, or currant-jelly with haunch of mutton. It may be entertaining to the player, but to the spectator it is surely not to be mentioned in the same breath with the trapeze. It is a pity that we cannot approach the subject of athletics without prejudice. In some nations exercise in youth is no doubt neglected. A Russian once told me that in his country "we only devil up our physique at billiards"; but in France the boys are often exhausted by their devotion to acrobatic gymnastics, and it does not surprise one to read that the best gymnasts are not those most distinguished for intellectual energy. This is a result which we will never admit arises from our system of athletics, and instance at once how someone in the University boat became a Judge, or in the University eleven a Bishop. Our French author contends that over-exercise not only makes folk dull but ill, and that fevers in barracks arise less from insanitary causes than from long marches and a too energetic Colonel. This is a different view of the question, indeed, from the one to which we are accustomed, but it is now some years since the evils of over-fatigue have been discovered by our physicians. Middle-aged men can remember when to get "dog-tired" was a favourite prescription with the faculty; but it has died out—with their patients. Where moderation is practised, exercise is obviously good for mind and body; but Admirable Crichtons are not numerous, and it would be contrary to common-sense—for, though "there is a time for all things," there is no time for everything—if those who are the best runners and jumpers and swimmers of their day should also be distinguished for their exceptional intelligence.

Even an east wind blows somebody good, and the influenza itself has its humorous side. Nothing could be funnier than the "returns," which gave so many more cases to persons in receipt of a fixed salary than to those who were paid by results. It is a pity indeed that the vulgar explanation that the former could afford to stay at home and nurse, and the latter could not, was allowed to be blurted out, when Science had had thus provided for her the materials of a score of ingenious interpretations of the phenomenon. The commonplace reporter, however, with his odious accuracy of facts and figures, gives his involuntary contribution to the sum of enjoyment: he tells us that in a certain manufactory, in which a hundred persons are employed, *exactly one third* are down with the prevailing epidemic. "There is, as yet, no fatal case" among them, but one trembles for the fate of the fractional hand; the thirty-three, with care, will doubtless pull through, but the one third, who cannot possess even half the vital organs, is surely in no position to struggle with so vigorous an epidemic. An excursion into percentages, in writers and speakers who are not mathematical, is always dangerous. I remember a famous preacher in Edinburgh affirming from the pulpit that such and such a course of conduct was only too apt to be pursued "by ninety-nine men out of a hundred; and," he added, after a moment's thought, "by even a still greater proportion of women." "Don't you think, Doctor," inquired Russell of the *Scotsman*, in an informal review of this discourse, "that you might have left the ladies a little more margin?"

Rogues are not the amusing folk that we read of in "Gil Blas": from what one knows of them, indeed, they are generally dull, and often brutal. When they do exhibit some signs of humour, even though without signs of grace, one therefore cottons to them a little. A nest of scoundrels have been treating "a well-known and highly respected brand" of tobacco in the most shameful manner. The boxes were "protected with white and gold labels, with description and signatures, and pasted to the sides, and across the bottom of the box, was a paper intimating that it should be found unbroken": but this enterprising firm in Shoreditch opened the boxes at the bottom, filled them with their own noxious weeds, and vended those as the genuine articles. Inside each box they also put a printed notice of their own warning the esteemed purchaser "against the fraudulent practices of unscrupulous persons." Without saying that these gentlemen should have the prize for impudence (which opens a large question), they surely are to be "highly commended."

The Spiritualists have not been successful in English law courts; their principal witnesses seem unable to leave the other world at the time our Judges are sitting, and the atmosphere of the Courts themselves is not adapted for "manifestations." In France, however, the scales of Justice reach across the Styx, and it is by no means uncertain how the case of *Mademoiselle De Frileuse v. M. Thouars* will go. The lady claims to inherit a certain fortune as the nearest of kin; but her opponent has got it left to him for services far higher than are contemplated by the vulgar. Thouars, we read, knew a dead doctor, and, whenever his friends were ill, raised his shade for them (no matter at what personal inconvenience), and compelled him to write out a prescription. In these influenza times, when a live doctor is so difficult to get, it is easy to understand that such a go-between would be invaluable; and these services were remunerated by bequest. What one would like to see in court is those prescriptions! What a magnificent patent medicine (if one only had the money to advertise it) they would make! "A draught from Acheron, or the purgatorial pill."

A few years ago a story of village life in England was given to us by a lady writer, so pathetic and tragical that, in spite of its great literary merit, no sensitive reader ever got so far as the sad end of it. Its settled gloom was unrelieved by a single sunburst. In the case of "A Window in Thrums," a

tale of Scottish village life, there are some admirable scenes of humour; but, upon the whole, the effect is almost as depressing. Of the power of the sketches it is not necessary to say a word; it is acknowledged on all hands. While we read them we are compelled to believe in their truth to nature; but when all is over, and we are free to think in our own tongue—for the trail of the Scotch dialect is over them all—we cannot help asking ourselves whether we have not been made unnecessarily miserable. If village life is really so wretched as is here depicted, what liars are the poets! It is not only that all the characters of the tale die out—the young ones first, and then the breadwinner, and the decrepit one the last (so that the horror should be increased by her having no one left to wait upon her), but the whole atmosphere is heavy with sorrow. There is pathos and tenderness everywhere, but not a breath of fresh or bracing air. If these things are true, the comfortable notion which those who are well-to-do entertain, that poverty, such as is here described, has its compensations, is certainly untrue. The absence of anything approaching to happiness (save the looking forward of a mother to the visits of a son who goes to the devil) is so marked as almost to suggest (save that persons of genius do not write tracts) that the book has some sectarian intention. When the poor townsman finds life too hard for him, he is apt to picture to himself "the happy fields and farms," and sigh for those simple joys of village life of which he has read so much in works of the imagination; but it really seems that he had better stop where he is. "The pleasures of the country," writes a contributor to the *Forum* for January, "like the joys of heaven, are presented to the poor and wretched in overpopulated cities, by persons rich in faith, but destitute of knowledge."

## THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY.

The death of this venerable and illustrious lady, the widow of the aged Emperor William I., mother of the lamented Emperor Frederick, and grandmother of the present Emperor William II., marks the termination of some old traditions of German Court life. She had survived her husband nearly a year and ten months, and her eldest son, the late Emperor, a year and a half. The Empress Augusta was Princess Maria Louisa Augusta Catherine of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, born at Weimar, Sept. 30, 1811, the daughter of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick by his marriage with the Russian Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna. She was the sister of the present Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. In her youth she had considerable opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of Goethe, and her taste for literature, music, and the fine arts was much encouraged. On June 11, 1829, she was married to Prince William of Prussia, who was destined to become, forty-one years later, the first German Emperor. The Empress bore two children—the late Emperor Frederick and the present Grand Duchess of Baden. Her Majesty never took a very prominent part in political affairs, but for many years past lived a life of retirement, spent partly in Berlin and partly at Coblenz, and at various German watering-places. But, during the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, it was by her efforts and influence that, all over Germany, societies or guilds of women were formed under the Red Cross standard, in connection with the central organisation in Berlin. These societies had for their common object the care of the sick and wounded in public hospitals and in private dwellings, the relief of the families of absent soldiers, and the support of widows and orphans. The Empress Augusta recognised the vast importance of placing these beneficent organisations on a more enduring basis, in order that they might render help, not only in war time but during peace, on occasions when any part of the Fatherland was suffering from calamities, such as epidemics, famines, inundations, extensive railway accidents. The Red Cross on a white ground is the badge of the society—the motto: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." ("In essential things, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in everything, charity.") That German women have fully recognised the value of the Red Cross guilds is proved by the fact that in the summer of 1880 the number had increased to 500 branch societies, and nearly 50,000 members. The object of the Red Cross Women's Union is not only to relieve suffering by money, but to comfort and permanently improve the condition of those who are assisted.

The late Empress had some skill as an amateur artist, and three series of her drawings were published—namely, "Pages from the History of the Wartburg," "Views on the Rhine at Coblenz," and "Protestant Church Ornamentation," the last named a joint undertaking with her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden. She was not less devoted to music than to drawing and painting, and, apart from an overture of her creation, which was well received, she composed the music of "The Masquerade," a ballet for the operatic stage; and one of her marches seems likely to continue popular in the German Army. Her Majesty, who spoke English well, visited this country in 1846, in 1851, and at the marriage of her son, in 1858, to the eldest daughter of our Queen. The funeral of the late Empress was solemnised on Sunday, Jan. 12, in the chapel of the Royal Palace of Berlin, and the coffin was carried in stately procession to Charlottenburg, where it was laid in the Royal Mausoleum beside that of her husband, the Emperor William I. The Emperor William II. and the Princes and Princesses of the Royal family were present at this ceremony.

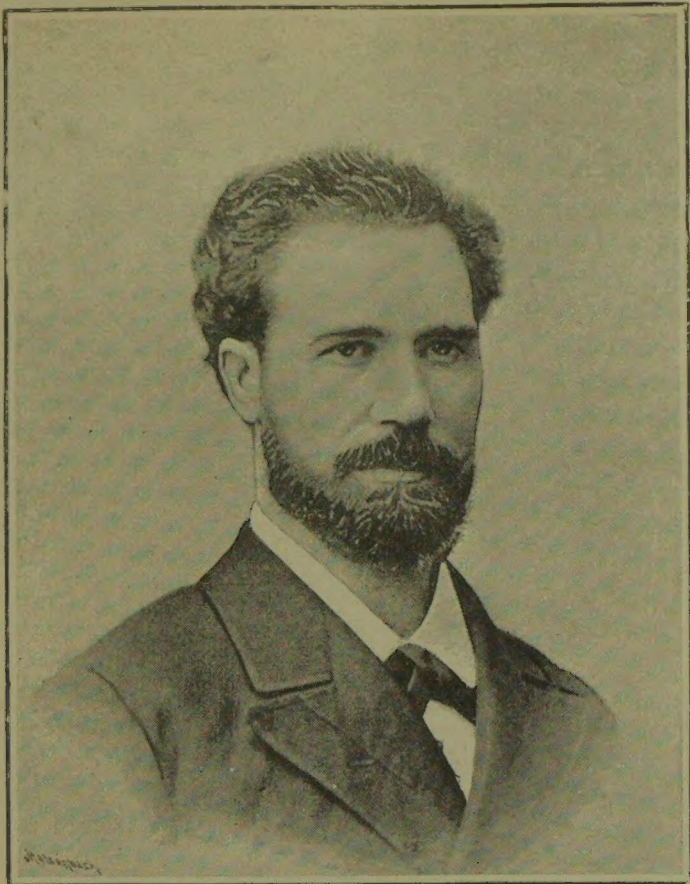
The Portrait is from a photograph by Jamrath and Son, Berlin, published by Carl Höckner, Dresden.

Our picture "Angelica," by Conrad Kiesel, is engraved from a photograph published by the Photographic Union, Munich.

Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala died on Jan. 14, at his residence in Eaton-square, from an attack of influenza. He had just entered on his eightieth year.—The death of Lord Cairns, also from influenza, took place on the same day.

The patrons of the Camden School of Art in St. Bartholomew-road, Camden-road, are to be congratulated upon their excellent loan collection of paintings, opened on Tuesday, Jan. 14, by Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne. Her Royal Highness contributes three admirably executed paintings, one being of the Niagara Falls, as viewed by the Princess; and the exhibition, organised by Mr. Samuel J. Hodson in aid of the Great Northern Central Hospital, is also notable for the fine examples of Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Alma Tadema, Carolus Duran, Frank Holl, Carl Haag, Heywood Hardy, William Simpson, and other eminent artists. The brilliant "Beppino" of Carolus Duran; the "Little Miss Gamp" and "Orphans" of Millais; the "Euridyce to Orpheus" of Leighton; and Alma Tadema's "Expectations" would alone well repay a visit to the Camden School of Art.





THE LATE M. GAYARRE, OPERA TENOR SINGER.

## THE LATE M. JULIAN GAYARRE.

The noted Spanish tenor singer, Gayarre, who was regarded in the musical world as a successor of Mario, recently died at Madrid, only forty years of age. He was son of a peasant in the valley of the Roncal, in Navarre, and was at an early age apprenticed to a locksmith in Pamplona. His voice attracted the attention of Professor Eslava, who took him to Madrid. There he began his public career at a small bouffe theatre, but soon gained a leading place as an opera singer. It was at St. Petersburg that he first won high renown, and subsequent appearances at Vienna, Rome, and Milan rapidly increased his reputation. In 1877 he came to England, and was engaged at the Royal Italian Opera under Mr. Gye and Signor Lago; he continued to appear in London until 1881. His chief characters were Gennaro and Enzo, and he played with success in the "Prophète" and the "Huguenots," "Der Freischütz," "Rigolotto," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser." Since 1884 Gayarre has sung mostly on the Continent; he was the "rage" during the Paris season of 1884-6, both in Italian and French opera. He reappeared at Covent-Garden in 1886, and in the following year, when he sang in Glinka's "Vie pour le Czar."

The Portrait is from a photograph taken at Madrid, and given by Señor Gayarre to Miss G. Chidley, by whom it was lent to us for reproduction.

## THE NATIONAL LEPROSY FUND.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on Monday, Jan. 13, presided at a subscription dinner in aid of this beneficent undertaking, which was started, under his auspices, at a public meeting held nearly six months ago, when the reports of the life, work, and death of Father Damien, the self-sacrificing Catholic missionary in the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, called attention to the subject. Alarming and distressing accounts of the prevalence of leprosy in India and some of our East Asiatic colonies, in the West Indies, in Russia, Norway, Spain and Portugal, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, have since been published. An article by Sir Morell Mackenzie, in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, is worthy of notice as correcting the erroneous opinions set forth in 1867 by a committee of the Royal College of Physicians, who reported that leprosy was not contagious, and by whose official Report, the result of three years' deliberation, our Government was completely misinformed. It is now proposed, by raising a sufficient fund, after providing for the medical treatment and care of lepers throughout the British Empire, that a sum of money shall be set apart and placed under the control of trustees for the foundation of two scholarships for two students—one to make the United Kingdom and the rest of Europe his field of research; and the other to go abroad and study the disease in India, China, the Colonies, and elsewhere. For these purposes, at the dinner of subscribers to the "National Leprosy Fund," after an earnest speech of some length by the Prince of Wales, additional contributions were made to the amount of £2500, raising the fund to £7000, and £5000 more is wanted.

It was estimated by his Royal Highness that there are considerably over 200,000 lepers in India, and that, in 1887, not more than 2000 were provided for in the leper asylums, or in special leper hospital wards, of which there are only twenty-three in all India, and some of these very small. "The vast majority," said the Prince with great feeling, "roam over the country as beggars, shunned, friendless, and uncared for, until they drop down and die, or perhaps drown themselves in some public well." His Royal Highness then read one of the saddest and most pathetic petitions ever heard of, which was presented by a leper to the late Lord Lawrence when he was Viceroy.

"My limbs have fallen off piece by piece; my whole body has become a mass of corruption. I am weary of life, I wish to die. My life is a plague and a disgust to the whole village, and my death is earnestly longed for. It is well known to all that for a leper to consent to die, to permit himself to be buried alive, is approved of by the gods, who will never afflict another individual of the village with a similar malady. Therefore, I solicit your permission to be buried alive. The whole village wishes it, and I am happy and content to die. You are the ruler of the land, and without your leave it would be criminal. I hope that I may obtain my prayer." This petition Lord Lawrence did not grant; but the unfortunate leper was nevertheless buried alive a day or two afterwards.

The Prince of Wales further adverted to the condition of the lepers in Cape Colony; and the following remarks of his

Royal Highness give additional interest to the subjects of our Illustrations on another page:—

"It is a great satisfaction to me to learn from a Bluebook issued by the Cape Government in 1889 that the Legislative Council has dealt so exhaustively with the subject, and has initiated such practical measures to deal with the defects which exist at the Robben Island Leper Asylum. The number of lepers on the island amounted last year to eighty-four. They were accommodated in five wards, and I fear, from the report of the Government Committee, that, both in regard to the system of accommodation and to the management of the institution, there was much to be desired. This meeting, therefore, will rejoice to hear that the Cape Government has very properly, and in the promptest manner, set to work, and has taken into careful consideration the reconstruction and enlargement of the building, and the improvement of the entire interior administration—in such matters, for instance, as adequate hospital plans and proper clothing."

## THE CAPE COLONY LEPROSY ASYLUM.

Not long after the death of that admirable Christian philanthropist, Father Damien of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, had aroused public compassion on behalf of sufferers from leprosy, there was a shocking description in *Blackwood's Magazine* of September 1889 of the Colonial Government Asylum on an island outside the harbour of Capetown; and further discussions and explanations have since taken place. We have observed that this matter has been taken up by members of the Legislature of the Cape Colony; an official visit to Robben Island has been paid by the Cape Government; and various alterations have been made, and others are contemplated, for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate patients.

Robben Island is situated at the entrance into Table Bay. It is about two miles long, and its greatest breadth is about three quarters of a mile. Upon its highest point, about one hundred feet above sea-level, the lighthouse is built. During winter the ground is covered with a scrubby bush and other plants, but vegetation does not flourish, and in the summer months the aspect is dry and desolate. From its exposed position it is subject to the full force of the north-west and south-east gales. The name is derived from the large number of seals which formerly frequented its shores. Communication with Capetown is by means of a tug twice a week. This island has been used for some time for the location of male and female lepers, chronic sick paupers, and as an asylum for idiots. Formerly it was the place of exile for the vanquished Kaffir chiefs, and is still the forced residence of a few

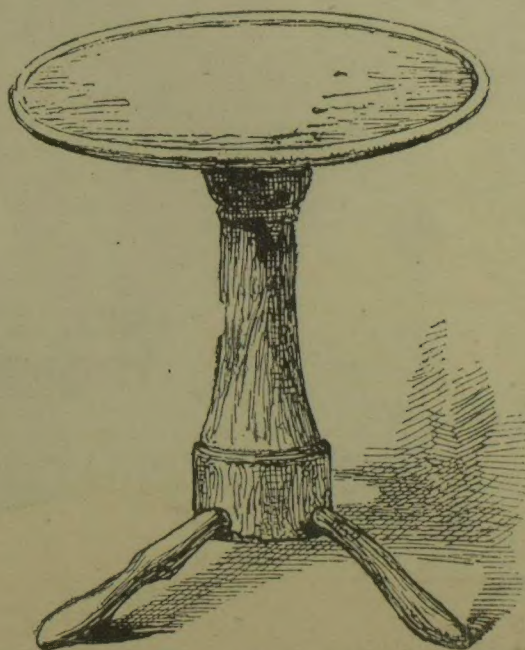
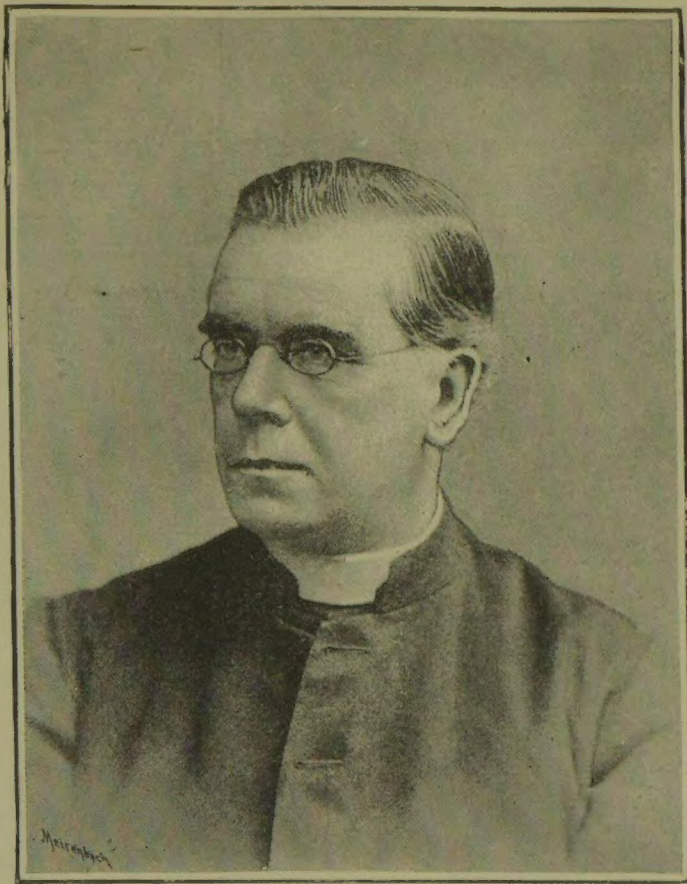


TABLE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



THE LATE FATHER S. J. PERRY, ASTRONOMER.

convicts. Perhaps, for so small a spot, no place has witnessed such suffering and misery.

The writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* states that, when he visited Robben Island, its population of 550 comprised 130 lepers, 230 lunatics, thirty convicts, and 160 of the warders and police and their families, with two resident medical officers, the senior being Governor of the community, and two clergymen. The lepers were then lodged in about twenty low, crazy buildings, which were miserably furnished and overcrowded, with fourteen beds in a small room, foul mattresses, and dirty rags to cover them, no floor but the bare earth, infested by vermin and large snakes, no well-ordered kitchens, reading-room, library, or garden, and no convenience for washing except buckets. We have no doubt that all this has been changed since the account was written. The rations of food were liberal, each patient getting a pound and a quarter of meat and a pound and a half of bread daily, with other provisions in due proportion, and no alcoholic drink except when prescribed by the doctor. Most of the lepers were half-breed, partly Hottentot and partly Malay, with a mixture of the white race. Among them were Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans, who together attended Divine worship in the little church on Sundays; there was a separate service for the convicts.

Our Illustrations are from sketches made in December by Mr. B. A. Lewis, of Green Point, Capetown.

## THE LATE FATHER S. J. PERRY.

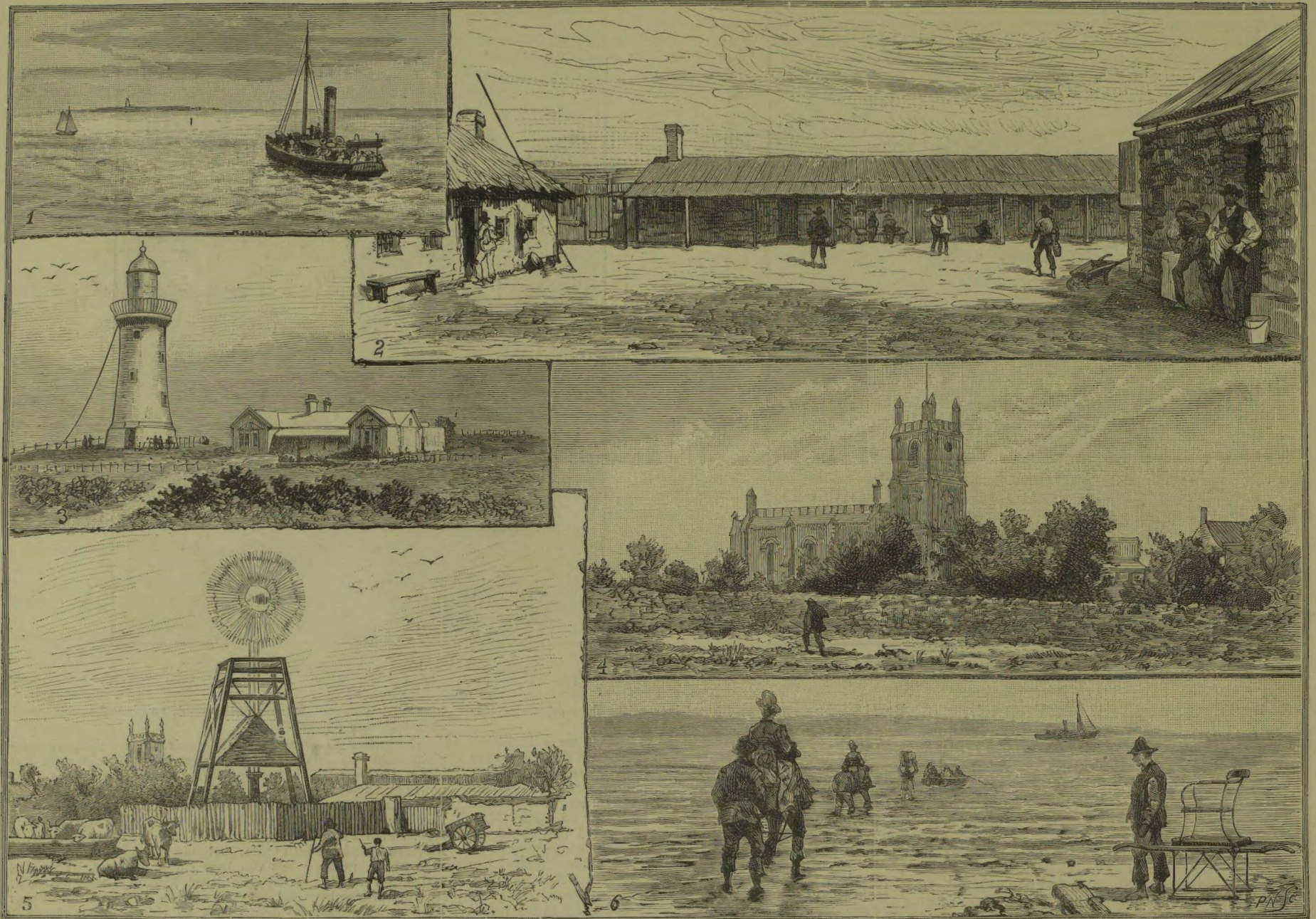
If the Roman Catholic Church has been often reproached for condemning the doctrine of Galileo two centuries and a half ago, the examples of Father Secchi, at Rome, and Father Perry, in England, prove that eminent astronomers can now be found even in the Order of Jesuits, and that ecclesiastical infallibility has ceased to deny the scientific truth of the revolution of the solar system. The late Stephen Joseph Perry, who was sent in December, with his assistant Mr. Rooney, to a small island off French Guiana, on the South American coast, to observe the total eclipse of the sun on Dec. 22, died of dysentery on the 27th, and his body was conveyed by H.M.S. *Comus* to Demerara. This learned and devoted astronomer, whose death is a real loss to science, was born in London on Aug. 26, 1833. After studying at the Catholic College at Douay, he went to Rome to study philosophy, and entered the Society of the Jesuits at the age of twenty. A few years later he went through a special course of mathematics in Paris, and in 1860 was appointed Professor at Stonyhurst College and Director of the Observatory, which positions he held till his death, except five years spent in studying theology at St. Bruno's College, North Wales, and in making a magnetic survey of France. He was ordained Priest in 1866. On April 9, 1869, Father Perry was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and on June 4, 1874, a Fellow of the Royal Society; among the other societies with which he was connected as member or associate are the Royal Meteorological, the Brussels Academy of Sciences, and the Accademia dei Lincei. He was for some time a member of the Council of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was recently elected President of the Liverpool Astronomical Society. Though he always suffered greatly from sea-sickness, he made more long voyages for astronomical observations than any other professor, being in 1874 at Kerguelen, and in 1882 at Madagascar, in 1886 in the West Indies, in 1887 in Russia, and finally, in 1889, at a small island in the South Atlantic Ocean.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187, Piccadilly.

## SHAKESPEARE'S TABLE.

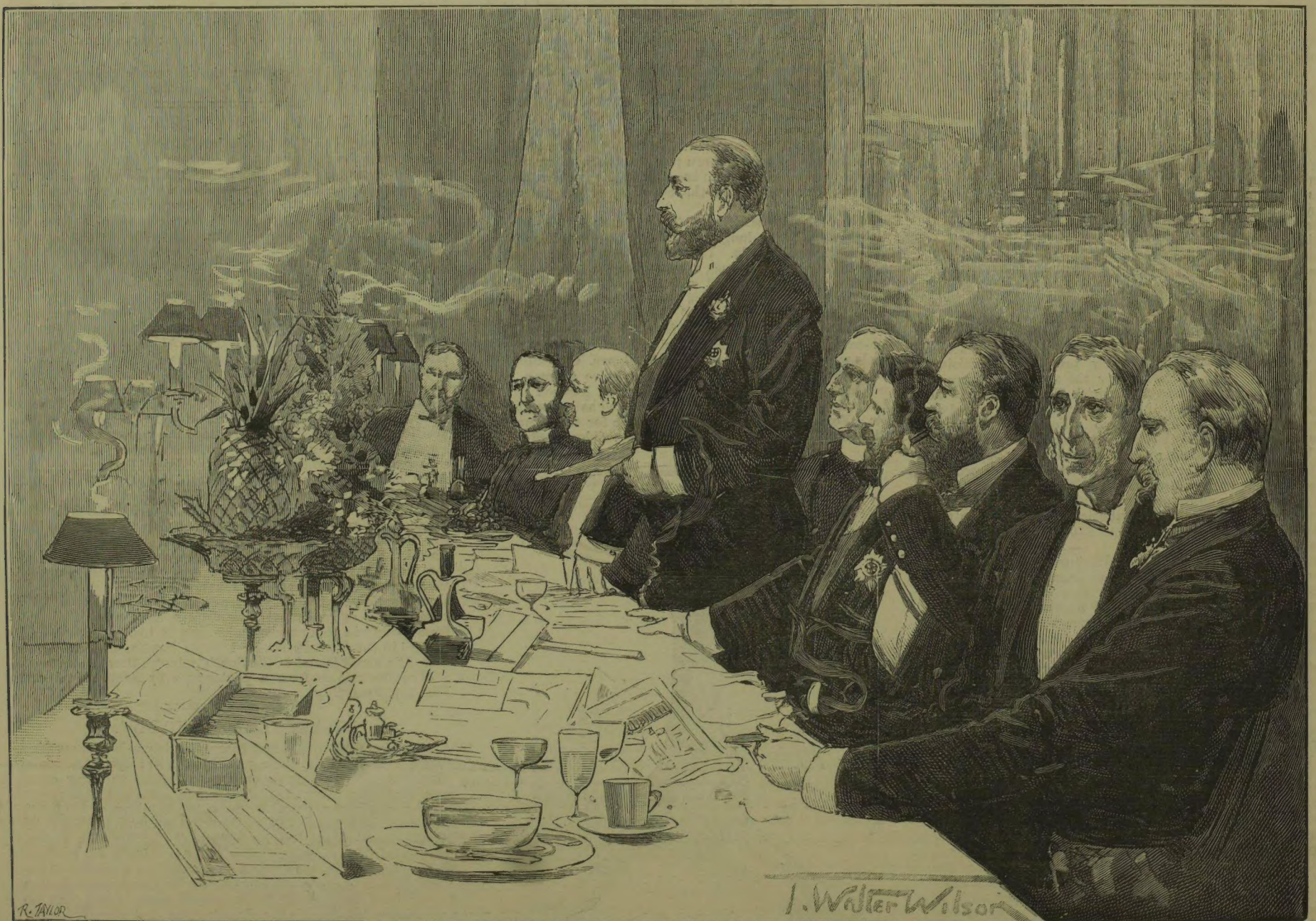
Antiquarian relics of literary biography demand strict scrutiny before we admit them to be genuine articles; this little round oak table, with its stout central leg standing on three crazy toes, may or may not be of Elizabethan date, and Shakespeare may or may not have used it among the furniture of his house at Stratford-on-Avon. All we know, at present, is that John Wheeler, aged eighty, late an inmate of the Warwick Union, who seems at some time to have cut his initials irreverently on the sacred relic, has deposed on oath before a Justice of the Peace that it was long the property of his family, and known among them, at least, as "Shakespeare's table"; and that he remembered hearing his grandmother say that she purchased it from a woman who had bought it at a sale at Shakespeare's house in Henley-street. This evidence will satisfy those who like to believe in it, and will amuse those who do not.





1. Crossing to the Island. 2. Male Leper Wards. 3. The Lighthouse. 4. The Church. 5. Windmill Pumping Water. 6. Visitors returning.

ROBBEN ISLAND, CAPETOWN HARBOUR, THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT ASYLUM FOR LEPERS.



DINNER IN AID OF A NATIONAL LEPROSY FUND, PRESIDED OVER BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.





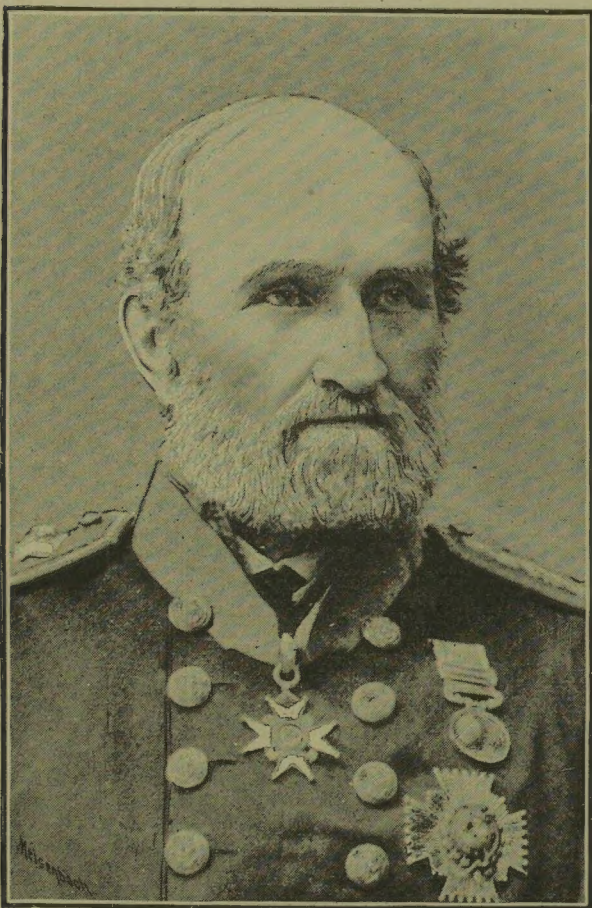
1. The man who can't go to business. 2. The children who mustn't go to school. 3. One determined to keep up his strength. 4. One obliged to buy something warmer than last year's fashion. 5. One who finds *this* an unfailing remedy. 6. One who feels poorly, but was at a City dinner the night before. 7. One who says, Influenza or no Influenza, she is not going to miss her dance.



## THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

The startling, sudden rapidity with which this strange visitation of disease has spread over Europe, from east to west, having apparently originated in Siberia or Northern China, traversed the whole breadth of the Russian Empire last year, and, raging latterly in all the cities of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, and Denmark, descended on France and England with somewhat diminished virulence, has much affected the public mind. It cannot be ascribed to any peculiar inclemency of this winter season; and the opinion most generally entertained is that of a specific poison, very possibly a microbe, or some invisible germ of parasitic organism, being inhaled in the tainted atmosphere. Among the noted recent sufferers from this disorder are several members of Royal or princely families, Ministers of State, and other persons of high rank, whose dwellings and habits must be free from the conditions predisposing to some other epidemics; but the influenza seems more especially to be attracted by large establishments, such as barracks, public offices, factories, schools, and great workshops, in which numbers of people are collected together. It has been observed that patients do not often seek advice before the second or third day of actual attack, believing the malady to be an ordinary cold.

The chief symptoms of influenza are frontal headache with heaviness over the eyes, pains in the back and limbs, great prostration, nausea, and often vomiting; shivering is always present, and continues off and on for several days in the severer cases; there are muscular pains about the chest and abdomen, and almost invariably bronchial irritation. Rarely the malady takes the form of gastro-intestinal catarrh, as evidenced by vomiting and diarrhoea. Sneezing at the onset is very common, but coryza is rare; temperature ranges between 101 and 103, and occasionally rises to 104, or even higher. The throat is in the majority of cases congested, tonsillitis being well marked in a few. Suffusion of the eyes is seldom absent, often with dimness of vision, photophobia, and slight conjunctivitis. The bronchial irritation in many cases becomes well-marked bronchitis, and in some instances pleuritic sounds have been heard where there has been severe pain in the side. Feverishness in pronounced cases lasts about a week. During the whole of this period shivering and nausea are very common symptoms, and convalescence is much protracted by persistent anorexia. Recovery is gradual, and there is some risk of an accidental chill, after the influenza, resulting in pulmonary congestion, which has been fatal to hundreds of persons. Dr. Powell says he finds that at Westminster Hospital nearly as many women as men present themselves with influenza; the ages range from fifteen to forty. He is of opinion that the disease is not infectious in the usual sense, but climatic. As to treatment, the great point is, adds the doctor, to keep in bed and take good fluid nourishment, for drugs will be found to be of little value. He found that quinine and anti-pyrim failed to reduce the fever, though the latter drug occasionally relieved intense headache.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR B. J. SULLIVAN.  
SEE "OBITUARY."

The latest reports show that the prevalence of this mysterious disease is now abated, and it has been far milder in England than on the Continent of Europe. We should not wonder if the sea air were a preventive, or even our insular fog.

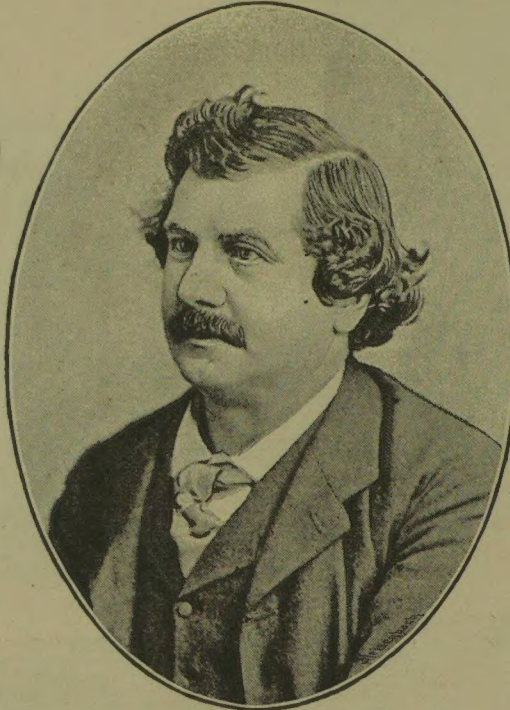
Telegrams from several European cities relative to the influenza are of a varying character. In some districts the malady is abating; in others it is on the increase. At home the epidemic continues to decline, the returns from the General Post Office, the metropolitan hospitals, railway stations, and garrisons all showing a marked diminution in the number of cases, with a return to duty of large numbers of those who have been attacked. Lord Hartington was severely attacked while on a visit to Baron Hirsch, at Merton Hall, Norfolk, and although suffering from congestion of both lungs was, according to the latest account, "doing well in every way." Lord Salisbury is fast gaining strength; Sir Francis Knollys is much better; Lord Spencer and Mr. Chaplin are rapidly recovering; but Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala and Lord Cairns have fallen victims to the epidemic.

The Queen has consented to become patron of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and has subscribed ten guineas to its funds.

Our portrait of the late Lord Templetown is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; and that of the late Admiral Sir B. J. Sullivan from one by Mr. G. Jerrard (late Claudet), 107, Regent-street.

## THE LATE MR. F. A. MARSHALL.

Mr. Francis Albert Marshall, author of several comedies and other pieces for the London stage, and a critical student of dramatic literature, has died in the fiftieth year of his age. The youngest son of the late Mr. William Marshall, J.P. and D.L., of Patterdale Hall and Hallstead, Westmoreland, some-



THE LATE MR. F. A. MARSHALL.

time M.P. for East Cumberland, he was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was for some years a clerk in the Audit Office, Somerset House. Of his theatrical pieces the best known are "False Shame," produced at the Globe in November 1872, and "Brighton," a four-act comedy founded on Bronson Howard's "Saratoga"; also "Mad as a Hatter," a farce; "Corrupt Practices," a two-act drama; "Q. E. D.," a comedita; "Biorn," a romantic opera; "Lola," a comic opera, the music by Signor Antonio Orsini of Naples; "Family Honour," a comedy; and, in conjunction with Mr. W. H. Wills, "Cora." Mr. Marshall was also the author of a drama in four acts for Mr. Henry Irving, founded on the story of Robert Emmet, not yet produced. In 1875 he published "A Study of Hamlet," and, during the last year or two, was engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Irving, in preparing the "Irving" edition of Shakspeare. Mr. Marshall was the husband of Miss Ada Cavendish, the popular actress. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lambert, Weston, and Son, of Folkestone.

## THE COURT.

The Queen was much grieved to receive the sad news of the death of the Empress-Queen Augusta of Germany; and on Jan. 11 her Majesty, with the Royal family and the members of the household, was present at a special service in the chapel at Osborne, about the same time that the funeral obsequies of her late Imperial Majesty were being conducted at Berlin. The Queen has commanded that the Court shall be in mourning for four weeks from the 8th for her late Imperial Majesty. The Court mourning, therefore, which would have terminated on Jan. 23, will be prolonged to Feb. 5. The Court will change the mourning for her late Imperial Majesty on Jan. 22. The Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine service on Sunday morning, the 12th, at Osborne, when the Rev. Capel Cure, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiated. The Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P. (Secretary of State for the Home Department), and Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, K.C.B., arrived at Osborne on the 13th, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and Lieutenant-Colonel Vesey (commanding the Oxfordshire Light Infantry at Parkhurst) had the honour of being invited. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left Osborne on the 13th for London, to open on the following day an exhibition in the Camden School of Art, in aid of the building fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital.

The Prince of Wales ended his visit to Baron Hirsch, at Merton Hall, on Jan. 11, and arrived in London for the purpose of presiding at a lecture given by Professor Max Müller, at the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street, on the importance of an Imperial School for Oriental studies, in connection with the Imperial Institute. Next day his Royal Highness visited the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on the 13th from Sandringham. The Prince presided at a dinner, at the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of a "National Leprosy Fund." On the 14th the Prince, accompanied by Prince George, left Waterloo station by special train for Wimborne station. He was met by Lord Wimborne, and proceeded to Canford House, which has been splendidly redecored and fitted throughout with the electric light. The Princess, who came to London on purpose to accompany the Prince, was unavoidably prevented from doing so, as, owing to a severe cold, her Royal Highness's medical attendants would not allow her to leave the house. The ball at Canford House, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were to have been present, has, at the Queen's desire, been postponed, owing to the death of the Empress Augusta. An evening party, with vocal and instrumental music, was substituted. On the 16th their Royal Highnesses would, according to arrangement, open a hospital at Bournemouth, and on the 18th inaugurate a park at Poole.

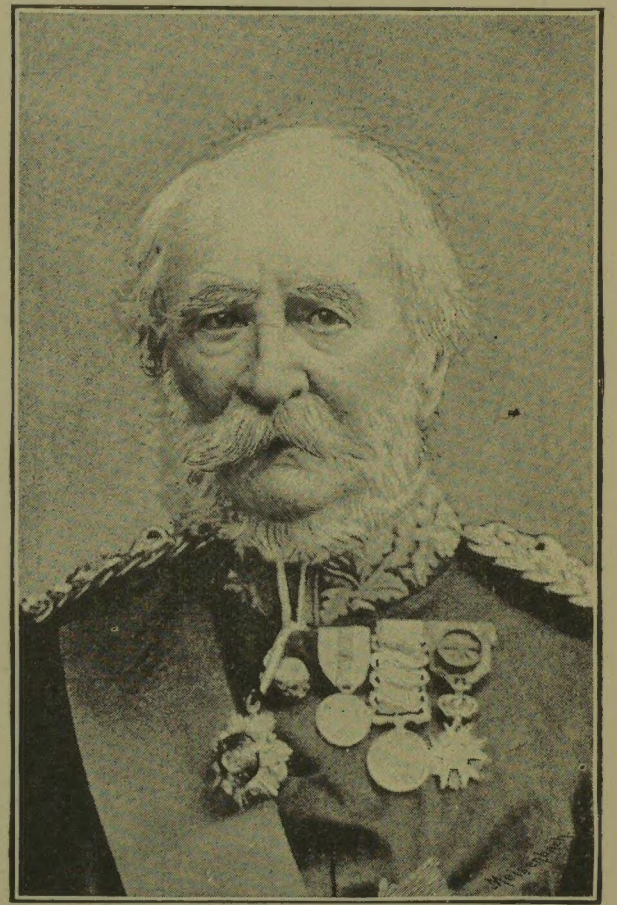
Prince Albert Victor arrived at Benares on Jan. 14 from Calcutta. According to a Reuter's telegram, his Royal Highness proposed to make a stay there of two days.

In London, 2818 births and 2747 deaths were registered in the week ending Jan. 11. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 89, and the deaths by 810, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 24 from measles, 13 from scarlet fever, 26 from diphtheria, 112 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox, typhus, or cholera; thus, 199 deaths were referred to the first-named diseases, being 42 below the corrected average weekly number.

## AN INDIAN CRITIC ON LONDON.

We always lend an attentive ear to our foreign critics, though we usually laugh at their opinions afterwards. From serious M. Taine to the flippant gentleman who writes under the name of Max O'Rell, we have never regarded their judgment as valuable contributions to the sum of knowledge. Whether they look at us through a lens of philosophic theories or the spy-glass of "the funny man," the average Englishman seems to have run away and hidden himself when they were by. We are tolerably well satisfied with our civilisation and its results ourselves. We even swallow our foggy atmosphere with complacency, and, when we hear that it compelled some illustrious foreigner or other from the South of Europe to beat a hasty retreat, we are rather proud of this atmospheric originality. The fog and the east wind are among the toughening factors in our environment on which the now defunct school of muscular Christians congratulated the race. At all events, this was the "fine manly" unreasoning spirit with which our fathers contemplated most questions involving international comparisons. If a foreigner write a book informing us that our climate is horrible, our taste for the fine arts contemptible, our metropolis a hideous wilderness of brown bricks coated with soot, we smile blandly. Possibly the same critic may inform us that our horses are excellent, and our daughters beautiful barbarians delighting in underdone steak and black beer. The method of meeting such assertions used to be simple and practical. We admitted the pretty daughters and the fine horses, and laughed at the rest. Unlike our sensitive cousins across the Atlantic, we are pachydermatous. Mr. Trollope, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and a host of others have made the American Eagle scream again and again with offended dignity. A taste for mischief and malice is much more readily gratified by chaffing Uncle Sam and his institutions than by twisting the tail of the British lion. The shriek of the Bird of Freedom was heard from New York to the Golden Gates simply because delicate Matthew Arnold considered American culture as deficient in quantity and superficial in quality. Yet Nathaniel Hawthorne had nothing but the bitterest things to say about us, and can find little else in our composition but beef and beer, and we remain perfectly callous and indifferent under the whip of his withering contempt.

But, although foreign criticism only diverts us, without, it is to be feared, much improving us, whether it be inept or accurate, we like to read it. Our last critic is a native of India, a member, we believe, of the Uncovenanted Civil Service. Mr. Umá Sankar Misra, Deputy Collector of the North-West Provinces, has now been about two years in England studying us. His first impressions were recorded in an article published some time ago in a magazine, where, we fear, they now lie *perdu*. Mr. Misra was not struck by the beauty of London, the monotony of the architecture oppressed him, but the magnitude of it filled him with wonder. The horses "seemed not," he writes, "like so many horses, but small elephants. I never saw such big and powerful horses with hairy hoofs in India."



THE LATE GENERAL VISCOUNT TEMPLETOWN, G.C.B.  
SEE "OBITUARY."

From the streets he turned to the Metropolitan Railway stations, where the constant trains rushing in from opposite directions made him stand aghast. "I almost expected," he naïvely writes, "accidents every minute." But he was shortly reassured, and found an opportunity to wonder at the "polite way in which everything was done at the station." Mr. Misra's brief acquaintance with underground travelling has evidently been fortunate. In his peregrinations, our Indian visitor seems to have met with only one unpleasant experience. He had ventured out, he tells us, dressed in English fashion, but wearing a Turkish fez. Soon a crowd of street urchins gathered round him yelling and jeering. In the midst of the uproar the words "Turk," "Tartar," "Indian" reached his ears. The small tumult did not, however, disturb his philosophic equanimity, but rather induced reflection. The curiosity an Indian arouses here, he meditates, is much the same as that excited by an Englishman in the remoter districts of his own country, where the latter may be similarly followed by a group of boys, only these are sure to be respectful. In this he writes: "Indian urchins are more orderly and well behaved than English boys. This may be due to the awe which the sight of an Englishman in India inspires, but I have stated the fact as it is." In Mr. Misra English ladies will find one of their staunchest champions. He is delighted with their intelligence and charm of manner, and sighs for the day when Indian ladies shall follow the example of their "more enlightened English sisters." "Where," he demands, "would be the charm of English life without ladies?" "While the character of Englishmen seems to be



stern and rugged," he exclaims, "that of the ladies is full of gentleness, meekness, amiability, and kindness. When one is in their presence their character is distinctly felt, and the calm, gentle, and sympathetic way in which they converse shows the sweetness of their disposition. Their ready expressions of pretty approval and kindly approbation, although possibly out of proportion to the occasion, strike me as singularly winning. The charm of their character seems to be allied with grace and beauty of person."

Mr. Misra has made many friends in this country, and been introduced to West-End drawing-rooms. The following description is well worthy of record: "To an Indian a dance seems to be an extraordinary thing, and almost takes his breath away: the very idea of a man dancing with his arm round a lady's waist at first sight is offensive. In India, we have our dancing done for us by professional girls; and no ladies and gentlemen dance. I must say the first time I saw couples dancing together the spectacle produced a peculiar effect on my nerves. The way in which pairs danced seemed to be more like trotting or galloping than dancing, though, on closer inspection, I saw that the motion of the dancers was regulated in accordance with the music."

In this investigations of English life, of course Mr. Misra visited the Lyceum, where he saw "Faust." "The girlish simplicity and fondness for trinkets displayed by Miss Ellen Terry in the character of Marguerite need," he modestly remarks, "no words from me to commend them."

The London policeman is, in Mr. Misra's opinion, "the most unobtrusive, polite, and obliging fellow that one comes across." But, in praising the latter, he takes the opportunity of animadverting on the Indian constable, who thinks "he personifies the Government, and is much dreaded by the poor and meek, whom he bullies."

Mr. Misra's first experience of English food was not pleasing. Like all Hindoos, he is, or rather was, a vegetarian, and English dishes were at first too heavy for him. But he soon found the food of the country better suited to the climate than that of his own, though the latter he thinks more palatable. The result on his health was, we learn, satisfactory. He lost in weight and gained in activity by change of diet.

Although he treats the question as politely as possible, our critic does not think highly of European dress, which presents so displeasing a contrast to the flowing robes and loose garments of the Indian. The "top hat," as he jauntily calls it, seemed to him the most absurd article of dress he had ever beheld. We readily believe him, and, in his contempt for this fetish of British respectability, assure Mr. Misra he is not singular. The evening dress of English ladies simply shocked him. From an Indian point of view low dresses are indecent. "To appear before the public with bare arms and nearly half of the bosom uncovered" is outrageous to all Oriental ideas. Mr. Misra sums up the chief fault of English dress with the brevity and truth of a philosophic searcher after definitions. "Its chief disadvantage is the great time devoted to putting it on!" This is capital! We quite agree with Mr. Misra. He is referring to the dress of the male, however. If he had discovered how much longer is the toilet of his friends the ladies, his wonder would only be equalled by his pity.

Mr. Misra is one of the kindest observers we have had, and his general impression just what one would expect in an educated Indian. He found himself in a country where a younger and higher civilisation existed than that he had left in the land of his birth. The English race, he perceived, is animated with greater energy and courage than are the Hindoos, although it lacks their patience. He concludes in the following earnest words: "In the place of mild apathy he finds an indomitable spirit to overcome difficulties, which is the principal characteristic of the English people. But while he is aware of this he misses many things which custom has rendered necessary, and for which an existence of wider range and greater excitement cannot adequately compensate him." This is not, perhaps, a very enthusiastic conclusion to reach, yet it is no doubt sincere. When we remember that it is an English poet who says "there is no joy but calm," we need not be surprised if the cultivated Hindoo is not entirely enamoured of the hurry, worry, roar, and vulgarity of the life fermenting under the smoky sky of London.

P. W.

The annual match at football between the North and South took place on Jan. 13 at Kennington Oval, and resulted in a victory for the South by three goals to one.

The amount of money subscribed to the fund for restoring St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, with a view to constituting it a cathedral for South London, is close upon £20,000. Messrs. Courage and Co. have subscribed £1000, and Mr. T. G. Barclay has given £500 to the fund.

We have received from Mr. Mendoza, of King-street, St. James's, a beautiful engraving recently published by him, by Mr. Appleton, after the well-known and popular picture "Forgiven," by Mr. Heywood Hardy. Mr. Mendoza's publications are always valuable, and Mr. Heywood Hardy has in Mr. Appleton found an artistic and sympathetic translator.

The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Jan. 14 was a great success, and consisted of songs by Miss Beata Francis, Signor Guatary (encored), Signor Villa (encored), with Mr. Claude Trevor as solo pianist and conductor. The second part was given by the gifted White family, in which nearly everything was vociferously encored, including "Three little maids from school," most piquantly given by the Misses Inez Bassanta and Irene and Tiny White; Miss Inez Bassanta's guitar songs; and Miss Tiny White's splendidly given recitations.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Ear Hospital, Frith-street, Soho, was held in the hospital on Jan. 14. During the year just closed there were 8420 out-patient attendances; 102 patients had been admitted into the in-patient wards, these numbers being the largest on record since the foundation of the institution in 1816. The financial report showed that there had been an increase in the amount of the subscriptions and donations as compared with the previous year, but that larger subscriptions and donations are urgently needed.

### THE LATE REV. DR. DÖLLINGER.

Those students of ecclesiastical controversy and history, including such members of the Church of England as Mr. Gladstone, who have watched with some interest the rise of the so-called "Old Catholic" religious party in Germany, regarded this learned theologian, now deceased in the ninety-first year of his age, as the foremost champion of that movement. It may be considered, to a certain extent, as the revival of what, two centuries ago, were known as the "Gallican" views of the



THE LATE REV. DR. DÖLLINGER OF MUNICH,  
ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORIAN AND THEOLOGIAN.

independent authority of Catholic Bishops and clergy in different nations, as against the "Ultramontane" despotic pretensions of the Roman See: a question apparently of no small political interest to some rulers of Continental States at this day, as it formerly was to King Louis XIV. of France. The late John Joseph Ignatius Dollinger was born in February 1799, at Bamberg, in Bavaria, son of an eminent physiologist; was educated for the priesthood, and became Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and afterwards of Theology, in the University of Munich. From 1826 to 1838 he wrote treatises on the history of the Church from an independent point of view; and, in a periodical of which he was editor, some questions of the day were handled from time to time with much dialectical skill. Between 1833 and 1835 he wrote his "Origins of Christianity," and "The Religion of Mahomet" appeared in 1838. Turning his attention to politics in 1845, he entered the Bavarian Parliament as representative of the University of Munich; but he lost his seat in Parliament, as well as his chair in the University, through the influence of the King's mistress, Lola Montes. He was a delegate to the National Parliament of Frankfurt in 1851, when he elaborated a definition of the relations of Church and State, which amounted almost to complete separation. Following

at greater length his reasons and arguments for the surrender of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In 1864 he incurred considerable odium by strongly resisting the doctrines of the Papal Encyclical of that year, but it was not until the year 1870 that the name of Dr. Dollinger acquired a world-wide fame. He was one of the most strenuous opponents of the decrees of the Vatican Council, and he especially rejected that one which declares the Pope to be infallible when addressing the Church *ex cathedra* on questions of faith and morals. In consequence, he was formally excommunicated by the Archbishop of Munich, at the instance of the Papal Court; but the Bavarian Government took up his cause, and honours were conferred on him also by the Imperial Government of Germany. The "Old Catholic" body was formed, numbering about 40,000 members, with fifty or sixty priests, and its congresses, first at Cologne, afterwards at Bonn, in 1874 and 1876, attracted much notice among some of the English clergy disposed to look for a "reunion of Christendom." But this movement, externally, has not made any great progress of late years.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Augspurg and Gondstikker, of Munich.

### THE ROYAL VISIT TO DORSETSHIRE.

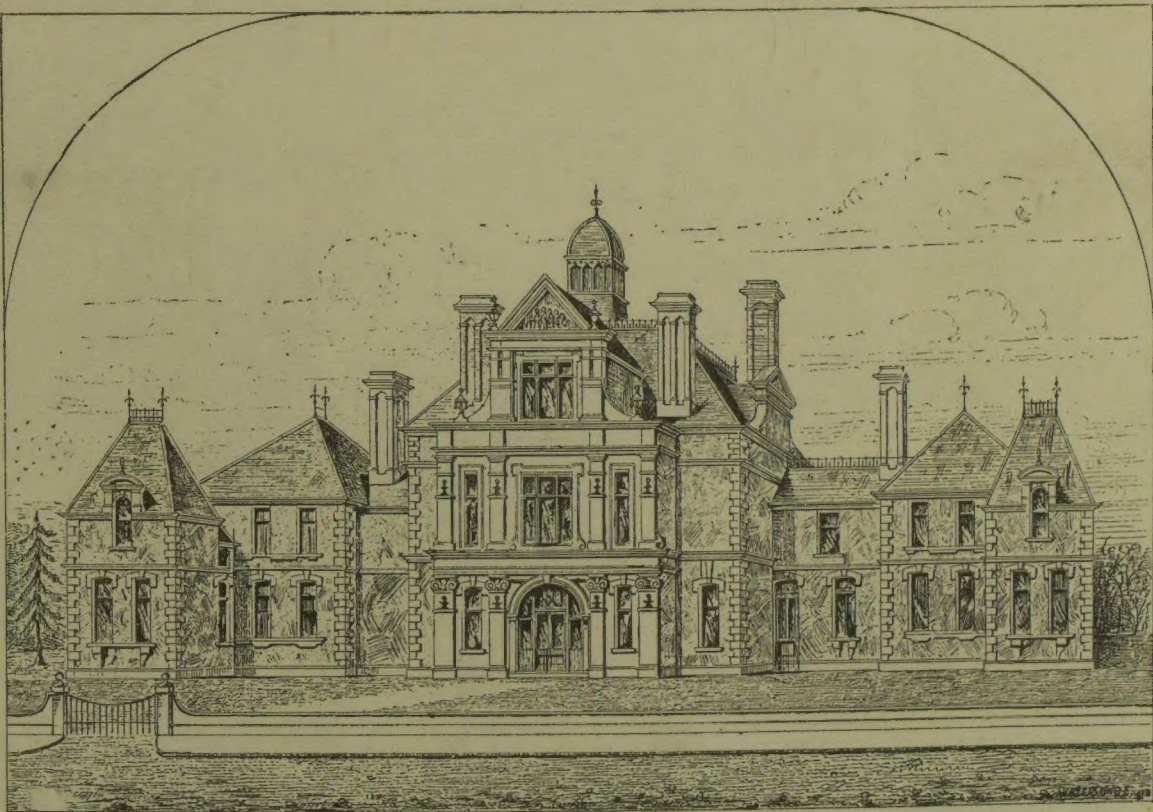
The visit of the Prince of Wales to Lord Wimborne's country house, Canford Manor, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, from which his Royal Highness proceeded to visit the towns of Poole and Bournemouth, was unfortunately deprived of part of its agreeable accompaniments by the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, being unable to leave home; her Royal Highness was suffering from a severe cold. The Prince of Wales, with his son Prince George and Prince Hohenlohe, arrived from London at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14; but their host, Lord Wimborne, who had kept his bed for some days past, was too unwell to meet the Royal party at the railway-station, and, on his behalf, they were received by the Hon. Ivor Guest, his Lordship's eldest son, and Mr. Montagu Guest, his brother. Upwards of a hundred persons were on the platform, which was tastefully decorated and illuminated. A cheer was raised as the train came, but there was a feeling of disappointment when it was found that the Princesses were not with the party. In the square in front of the station the Wimborne Rifle Volunteers and a detachment of the Dorset (Queen's Own) Yeomanry Cavalry were drawn up, and saluted as the Prince took his seat in a carriage drawn by four horses for Canford Manor, Lord Wimborne's residence, on the banks of the Stour, about two miles south-east of the town. We give a View of the mansion, which has been re-decorated and fitted throughout with the electric light, and in the hall are some fine specimens of wood carvings in walnut, and Gobelin tapestries. The staircase, in carved walnut, is one of the handsomest in the country. There is good shooting in the Canford covers. The list of guests included the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, Sir Edward and Lady Guinness, Sir E. Edwards, Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, Lady Romney, Lady F. Marsham, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Earl and Countess Yarborough, Countess Dudley, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill, Viscount Villetort, Mr. Hervey, Lord Chelsea, Lord Clifden, Earl Shaftesbury, Lord F. Clinton Hope, and Mr. Alfred Montgomery.

Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, second Baronet, of Dowlais, Glamorganshire, was created Lord Wimborne in 1880, and is married to a daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough.

Our View of Canford Manor is from one of a series of photographs by Mr. Vaughan, of Bournemouth.

### THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, BOURNEMOUTH.

The new hospital which has been formally opened by the Prince of Wales at Bournemouth was erected as a memorial of the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. It is a commodious building especially designed to suit the requirements of a general hospital. The offices of the administration are situated in the central block of the building, and seem at present large in proportion to the number of beds which can be made up; but this was arranged so as to provide for the ultimate extension of the building. At present there is accommodation for twenty-five inmates. The elevations are freely treated in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. The walls are built of Purbeck stone, and the mouldings, quoins, and other dressings are of Portland stone. The hospital is thoroughly well fitted with all the most modern requirements. The wards are paved with a good fire-proof floor, upon which the wood blocks are laid, oak and teak being used for the purpose on the first and ground floors respectively. The building contains a basement with cellars and heating chamber. On the ground floor are good halls and corridors to the east and west wings. The east wing is occupied by the men's surgical ward, from which is a communication in the angle turret, with the nurses' store and scullery, and in the other with the lavatory, bath-room, and offices. This arrangement has been kept up throughout, the four large wards having similar accommodations. The west wing, on this floor, is entirely occupied by the dispensing department, except for a small mortuary, approached from out of doors only. The main block, on the ground floor, contains suites of rooms for the occupation of the house surgeon, and others for the matrons, store-rooms, porters' rooms, lavatories, and offices; a ward for the separation of any infectious case which may happen, and operating theatre. The first floor, which is approached by a wide stone staircase, contains seven wards—one for six beds, one for four beds, and others for two beds each. The main block is carried to a third storey, and is occupied by a kitchen, scullery, larder and stores, bath-room, and six bedrooms. The wards and entrance communicate with the second floor by means of electric bells. Messrs. Creeke and Gifford were the architects, and Messrs. George and Harding the contractors for the whole of the works.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, BOURNEMOUTH, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

his views to their logical issue, he voted for the absolute severance of the Church from the State. The Reformation was at this period a subject of special study with Dr. Dollinger, the result being that he produced two works—"A Sketch of Luther," and an historical dissertation entitled "The Reformation, its Interior Development and its Effects." In 1853 he protested against the proposed coronation of Napoleon III. by Pope Pius IX., and also produced "Hippolytus and Callistus," a work on the Church in the third century. In 1861 he delivered a series of lectures in which he advocated the abandonment of the temporal power by the Holy See. His work on "The Church and the Churches; or, the Papacy and the Temporal Power," was, like many other of his treatises, translated into English. In this he formulated



VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



ENTRANCE HALL.

VIEW FROM THE RIVER.

THE AVENUE, FROM THE WEST.

CANFORD MANOR, DORSETSHIRE, THE SEAT OF LORD WIMBORNE, VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.





DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

*Armored climbed lightly up the crag and stood upon the highest boulder!*

# ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GOLDEN TORQUE.

THE morning was bright, the sky blue, the breeze fresh—so fresh that even in the Road the sea broke over the bows and the boat ran almost gunwale under. This time the two landmen were not unprotected: they were in charge of two boatmen. Humiliating perhaps, but your true courage consisteth not in vain boasting and arrogant pretence, and he is safest who doth not ignorantly presume to manage a boat. Therefore, boatmen twain now guided the light bark and held the ropes.

"Dick," said Roland, presently looking ahead, "I see her. There she is—upon the hillside among the brown fern. I can see her, with her blue dress."

Dick looked and shook his head.

"I only see Samson," he said. "He groweth bigger as we approach. That is not uncommon with islands. I perceive that he hath two hills, one on the north and the other on the south: he showeth—perhaps with pride—a narrow plain in the middle. The hills appear to be strewn with boulders, and there are crags and perhaps Logan stones. There is always a Logan stone, but you can never find it. There are also, I perceive, ruins. Samson looks quite a large island when you come near to it. Life on Samson must be curiously peaceful. No post-office, no telegrams, no telephones, no tennis, no shops, no papers, no people—good heavens! For a whole month one would enjoy Samson."

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"Don't you see her?" repeated Roland. "She is coming down the hillside."

"I dare say I do see her if I knew it, but I cannot at this distance even with assisted eyes."

"Oh! a blue dress—blue—against the brown and yellow of the fern—can you not?"

Dick gazed with the slow uncertain eyes of short sight, and adjusted his glasses.

"My pal," he said, "to please you I would pretend to see anything. In fact, I always do. It saves trouble. I see her plainly—blue dress, you say—certainly—sitting on a rock."

"Nonsense! She is walking down the hill. You don't see her at all."

"Quite so. Coming down the hill," Dick replied unmoved.

"She has been in my mind all night. I have been thinking all kinds of things—impossible things—about this nymph. She is not in the least common, to begin with. She is"—

"She is only a child, Roland. Don't!"

"A child? Why shouldn't she be a child? I suppose I may admire a beautiful child? Do you insinuate that I am going to make love to her?"

"Well, old man, you mostly do."

"It was not so dark, last night, but one could see that she is a very beautiful girl. She looks eighteen, but our friend last night assured us that she is not yet sixteen. A very beautiful girl she is: features regular, and a head that ought to be modelled. She is dark, like a Spaniard."

"Gipsy, probably. Name of Stanley or Smith—Pharaoh Stanley was, most likely, her papa."

"Gipsy yourself! Who ever heard of a gipsy on Scilly? You might as well look for an organ-grinder! Spanish blood, I swear! Castilian of the deepest blue. Then her eyes! You didn't observe her eyes?"

"I was too hungry. Besides, as usual, I was doing all the work."

"They are black eyes!"

"The Romany have black eyes—roving eyes—hard, bold, bad, black eyes."

"Soft black—not hard black. The dark velvet eyes which hold the light. Dick, I should like to paint those eyes. She is now looking at our boat. I can see her lifting her hand to shade her eyes. I should like to paint those eyes just at the moment when she gives away her heart."

"You cannot, Childe Roland, because there could only be one other person present on that interesting occasion. And that person must not be you."

"Dick, too often you are little better than an ass."

"If you painted those eyes when she was giving away her heart it might lead to another and a later picture when she was giving away her temper. Eyes which hold the light also hold the fire. You might be killed with lightning, or, at least, blinded with excess of light. Take care!"

"Better be blinded with excess of light than pass by insensible. Some men are worse than the fellow with the muck-rake. He was only insensible to a golden crown: they



are insensible to Venus. Without loveliness, where is love? Without love, what is life?"

"Yet," said Dick, drily, "most of us have got to shape our lives for ourselves before we can afford to think of Venus."

It will be understood that these two young men represented two large classes of humanity. One would not go so far as to say that mankind may be divided into those two classes only; but, undoubtedly, they are always with us. First, the young man who walketh humbly, doing his appointed task with honesty, and taking with gratitude any good thing that is bestowed upon him by Fate. Next, the young man who believes that the whole round world and all that therein is are created for his own special pleasure and enjoyment: that for him the lovely girls attire themselves, and for his pleasure go forth to dance and ball: for him the actress plays her best; for him the feasts are spread, the corks are popped, the fruits are ripened, the suns shine. To the former class belonged Dick Stephenson: to the latter, Roland Lee. Indeed, the artistic temperament not uncommonly enlists a young man in the latter class.

"Look!" cried the artist. "She sees us. She is coming down the hill. Even you can see her now. Oh! the light, elastic step! Nothing in the world more beautiful than the light, elastic step of a girl. Somehow, I don't remember it in pictures. Perhaps—some day—I may." He began to talk in unconnected jerks. "As for the Greek maiden by the sea-shore playing at ball and showing bony shoulders, and all that—I don't like it. Only very young girls should play at ball and jump about—not women grown and formed. They may walk or spring as much as they like, but they must not jump, and they must not run. They must not laugh loud. Violent emotions are masculine. Figure and dress alike make violence ungraceful: that is why I don't like to see women jump about. If they knew how it uglifies most of them! Armorel is only a child—yes—but how graceful, how complete she is in her movements!"

She was now visible, even to a short-sighted man, tripping lightly through the fern on the slope of the hill. As she ran, she tossed her arms to balance herself from boulder to boulder. She was singing, too, but those in the boat could not hear her; and before the keel touched the sand she was silent.

She stood waiting for them on the beach, her old dog Jack beside her, a smile of welcome in her eyes, and the sunlight on her cheeks. Hebe herself, who remained always fifteen from prehistoric times until the melancholy catastrophe of the fourth century, when, with the other Olympians, she was snuffed out, was not sweeter, more dainty, or stronger or more vigorous of aspect.

"I thought you would come across this morning," she said. "I went to the top of the hill and looked out, and presently I saw your boat. You have not ventured out alone again, I see. Good morning, Roland Lee. Good morning, Dick Stephenson."

She called them thus by their Christian names, not with familiarity, but quite naturally, and because when she went into the world—that is to say, to Bryher Church—on Sunday afternoon, each called unto each by his Christian name. And to each she gave her hand with a smile of welcome. But it seemed to Dick, who was observant rather than jealous, that his companion appropriated to himself and absorbed both smiles.

"Shall I show you Samson? Have you seen the islands yet?"

No; they had only arrived two days before, and were going back the next day.

"Many do that," said the girl. "They stay here a day or two: they go across to Tresco and see the gardens: then perhaps they walk over Sallakey Down, and they see Peninnis and Porthellick and the old church—and they think they have seen the islands. You will know nothing whatever about Scilly if you go to-morrow."

"Why should we go to-morrow?" asked the artist. "Tell me that, Dick."

"I, because my time is up and Somerset House once more expects me. You, my friend," Dick replied, with meaning, "because you have got your work to do and you must not fool around any longer."

Roland Lee laughed. "We came first of all," he said, turning to Armorel, "in order to thank you for—"

"Oh! You thanked me last night. Besides, it was Peter!"

"No, no. I refuse to believe in Peter."

"Well; do not let us say any more about it. Come with me."

The landing-place of Samson is a flat beach, covered with a fine white sand and strewn with little shells—yellow and gray green and blue. Behind the beach is a low bank on which grow the sea-holly, the sea-lavender, the horned poppy, and the spurge, and behind the bank stretches a small plain, low and sandy, raised above the high tide by no more than a foot or two. Armorel led the way across this plain to the foot of the northern hill. It is a rough and rugged hill, wild and uncultivated. The slope facing the south is covered with gorse and fern, the latter brown and yellow in September. Among the fern at this season stood the tall dead stalks of foxglove. Here and there were patches of short turf set about with the withered flowers of the seapink, and the long branches of the bramble lay trailing over the ground. The hand of some prehistoric giant has sprinkled the slopes of this hill with boulders of granite: they are piled above each other so as to make carns, headlands, and capes with strange resemblances and odd surprises. Upon the top they found a small plateau sloping gently to the north.

"See!" said Armorel. "This is the finest thing we have to show on Samson, or on any of the islands. This is the burial-place of the Kings. Here are their tombs."

"What Kings?" asked Dick, looking about him. "Where are the tombs?"

"The Kings," Roland repeated. "There can be no other Kings. These are their tombs. Do not interrupt."

"The ancient Kings," Armorel replied with historic precision. "These mounds are their tombs. See—one—two—half a dozen of them are here. Only Kings had barrows raised over them. Did you expect graves and headstones, Dick Stephenson?"

"Oh, these are barrows, are they?" he replied, in some confusion. A man of the world does not expect to be caught in ignorance by the solitary inhabitant of a desert island.

"A long time ago," Armorel went on, "these islands formed part of the mainland. Bryher and Tresco, St. Helen's, Tean, and St. Martin's—and St. Mary's, were all joined together, and the road was only a creek of the sea. Then the sea washed away all the land between Scilly and the Land's End. They used to call the place Lyonesse. The Kings of Lyonesse were buried on Samson. Their kingdom is gone, but their graves remain. It is said that their ghosts have been seen. Dorcas saw them once."

"I should like to see them very much," said Roland.

"If you were here at night, we could go out and look for them. I have been here often after dark looking for them."

"What did you see?"

She answered like unto the bold Sir Bedivere—who, perhaps, was standing not far from this hilltop.

"I saw the moonlight on the rocks, and I heard the beating of the waves."

Quoth Dick: "The spook of a King of Lyonesse would be indeed worth coming out to see."

Armorel led the way to a barrow, the top of which showed signs of the spade.

"See!" she said. "Here is one that has been opened. It was a long time ago."

There were the four slabs of stone still in position which formed the sides of the grave, and the slab which had been its cover lying close beside.

Armorel looked into the grave. "They found," she whispered, "the bones of the King lying on the stone. But when someone touched them they turned to dust. There is the dust at your feet in the grave. The wind cannot bear it away. It may blow the sand and earth into it, but the dust remains. The rain can turn it into mud, but it cannot melt it. 'This is the dust of a King.'"

The young men stood beside her silent, awed a little, partly by the serious look in the girl's face and partly because, though it now lay open to the wind and rain, it was really a grave. One must not laugh beside the grave of a man. The wind lifted Armorel's long locks and blew them off her white forehead: her eyes were sad and even solemn. Even the short-sighted Dick saw that his friend was right: they were soft black eyes, not of the gipsy kind: and he repented him of a hasty inference. To the artist it seemed as if here was a Princess of Lyonesse mourning over the grave of her buried King and—what? father—brother—cousin—lover? Everything, in his imagination, vanished—except that one figure: even her clothes were changed for the raiment—say the Court mourning—of that vanished realm. And also, like Sir Bedivere, he heard nothing but the wild water lapping on the crag.

And here followed a thing so strange that the historian hesitates about putting it down.

Let us remember that it is thirty years, or thereabouts, since this barrow was laid open: that we may suppose those who opened it to have had eyes in their heads: that it has been lying open ever since: and that every visitor—to be sure, there are not many—who lands on Samson is bound to climb this hill and visit this open barrow with its perfect kist-vaen. These things borne in mind, it will seem indeed wonderful that anything in the grave should have escaped discovery.

Roland Lee, leaning over, began idly to poke about the mould and dust of the grave with his stick. He was thinking of the girl and of the romance with which his imagination had already clothed this lonely spot: he was also thinking of a picture which might be made of her: he was wondering what excuse he could make for staying another week at Tregarthen's—when he was startled by striking his stick against metal. He knelt down and felt about with his hands. Then he found something and drew it out, and arose with the triumph that belongs to an archaeologist who picks up an ancient thing—say, a rose noble in a newly ploughed field. The thing which he found was a hoop or ring: it was covered and encrusted with mould: he rubbed this off with his fingers. Lo! it was of gold: a hoop of gold as thick as a lady's little finger, twisted spirally, bent into the form of a circle, the two ends not joined but turned back. Pure gold: yellow, soft gold.

"I believe," he said, gasping, "that this must be—is a torque. I think I have seen something like it in museums. And I've read of them. It was your King's necklace: it was buried with him: it lay around the skeleton neck all these thousand years. Take it, Miss Armorel. It is yours."

"No! no! Let me look at it. Let me have it in my hands. It is yours"—in ignorance of ancient law and the rights of the Lord Proprietor—"it is yours, because you found it."

"Then I will give it to you, because you are the Princess of the Island."

She took it with a blush and placed it round her own neck, bending open the ends and closing them again. It lay there—the red, red gold—as if it belonged to her and had been made for her.

"The buried King is your ancestor," said Roland. "It is his legacy to his descendant. Wear the King's necklace."

"My luck, as usual," grumbled Dick, aside. "Why couldn't I find a torque and say pretty things?"

"Come," said Armorel, "we have seen the barrows. There are others scattered about—but this is the best place for them. Now I will show you the island."

The hill slopes gently northward till it reaches a headland or carn of granite boldly projecting. Here it breaks away sharply to the sea. Armorel climbed lightly up the carn and stood upon the highest boulder, a pretty figure against the sky. The young men followed and stood below her.

At their feet the waves broke in white foam: in the calmest weather the Atlantic surge rolling over the rocks is broken into foam: a broad sound or channel lay between Samson and the adjacent island: in the channel half a dozen rocks and islets showed black and threatening.

"The island across the channel," said Armorel, "is Bryher. This is Bryher Hill, because it faces Bryher Island. Yonder, on Bryher, is Samson Hill, because it faces Samson Island. Bryher is a large place. There are houses and farms on Bryher, and a church where they have service every Sunday afternoon. If you were here on Sunday, you could go in our boat with Peter, Chessun, and me. Justinian and Dorcas mostly stay at home now because they are old."

"Can anybody stay on the island, then?" asked Roland, quickly.

"Once the doctor came for Justinian's rheumatism, and bad weather began and he had to stay a week."

"His other patients meanly took advantage and got well, I suppose," said Dick.

"I hope so," Armorel replied simply.

She turned and looked to the north-east, where lie the eastern islands, the group between St. Martin's and St. Mary's, a miniature in little of the greater group. From this point they looked to the eye of ignorance like one island. Armorel distinguished them. There were Great and Little Arthur; Ganilly, with his two hills, like Samson; the Gannicks and Meneweather, Ragged Island, and Inisvouls.

"They are not inhabited," said the girl, pointing to them one by one; "but it is pleasant to row about among them in fine weather. In the old time, when they made kelp, people would go and live there for weeks together. But they are not cultivated."

Then she turned northwards, and showed them the long island of St. Martin's, with its white houses, its church, its gentle hills, and its white and red Daymark on the highest point. Half of St. Martin's was hidden by Tresco, and more than a half of Tresco by Bryher. Over the downs of Tresco rose the dome of Round Island, crowned with its white lighthouse. And over Bryher, out at sea, showed the rent and jagged crest of the great rock Menovawr.

"You should land on Tresco," said Armorel. "There is

the church to see. Oh! it is a most beautiful church. They say that in Cornwall itself there is hardly any church so fine as Tresco Church. And then there are the gardens and the lake. Everybody goes to see the gardens, but they do not walk over the Down to Cromwell's Castle. Yet there is nothing in the islands like Cromwell's Castle, standing on the Sound, with Shipman's Head beyond. And you must go out beyond Tresco, to the islands which we cannot see here—Tean and St. Helen's and the rest."

Then she turned westward. Lying scattered among the bright waters, whitened by the breeze, there lay before their eyes—dots and specks upon the biggest maps, but here great massive rocks and rugged islets piled with granite, surrounded by ledges and reefs, cut and carved by winds and flying foam into ragged edges, bold peaks, and defiant cliffs—places where all the year round the seals play and the seagulls scream, and, in spring, the puffins lay their eggs, with the oyster-catchers and the shrewwaters, the shags and the herne. Over all shone the golden sun of September, and round them all the water leaped and sparkled in the light.

"Those are the Outer Islands." The girl pointed them out, her eyes brightening. "It is among the Outer Islands that I like best to sail. Look, that great rock with the ledge at foot is Castle Bryher: that noble rock beyond is Maiden Bower: the rock farthest out is Scilly. If you were going to stay we would sail round Scilly and watch the waves always tearing at his sides. You cannot see from here, but he is divided by a narrow channel: the water always rushes through this channel roaring and tearing. But once we found it calm—and we got through—only Peter would never try again. If you were going to stay—sometimes in September it is very still."

"I did not know," said Roland, "that there was anything near England so wonderful and so lovely."

"You cannot see the islands in one morning. You cannot see half of them from this hill. You like them more and more as you stay longer, and see them every day with a different light and a different sea."

"You know them all, I suppose?" Roland asked.

"Oh! every one. If you had sailed among them so often you would know them too. There are hundreds, and every one has got its name. I think I have stood on all, though there are some on which no one can land even at low tide and in the calmest weather. And no one knows what beautiful bays and beaches and headlands there are hidden away and never seen by anyone. If you could stay I would show them to you. But since you cannot"—She sighed. "Well, you have not even seen the whole of Samson yet—and that is only one of all the rest."

She leaped lightly from the rocks and led them southward.

"See!" she said. "On this hill there are ten great barrows at least—every one the tomb of a King—a King of Lyonesse. And on the sides of the hill—they kept the top for the Kings—there are smaller barrows, I suppose, of the Princes and Princesses. I told you that the island was a Royal burying-ground. At the foot of the hill—you can see them—are some walls which they say are the ruins of a church, but I suppose that in those days they had no church."

They left these venerable tombs behind them and descended the hill. At its foot, between the two hills, there lies a pretty little bay, circular and fringed with a beach of white sand. If one wanted a port for Samson, here is the spot, looking straight across the Atlantic, with Minicarlo lying like a lion couchant on the water a mile out.

"This is Porth Bay," said their guide. "Out there at the end is Shark Point. There are sharks sometimes, I believe, but I have never seen them. Now we are going up the Southern Hill."

It began with a gentle ascent. There were signs of former cultivation: stone walls remained, inclosing spaces which once were fields: nothing in them now but fern and gorse and bramble and wild flowers. Halfway up there stood a ruined cottage. The walls were standing, but the roof was gone, and all the woodwork. The garden wall remained, but the little garden was overrun with fern.

"This was my great-great-grandmother's cottage," said Armorel. "It was built by her husband. They lived in it for twelve months after they were married. Then he was drowned, and she came to live at the farm. See!"—she showed them in a corner of the garden a little wizened apple-tree crouching under the stone wall out of the reach of the north wind. "She planted this tree on her wedding day. It is too old now to bear fruit, but she is still living, and her husband has been dead for seventy-five years. I often come to look at the place and to wonder how it looked when it was first inhabited. There were flowers, I suppose, in the garden, when she was young and happy."

"There are more ruins," said Roland.

"Yes, there are other ruins. When all the people except ourselves went away these cottages were deserted, and so they fell into decay. They used to live by smuggling and wrecking, you see, and when they could no longer do either they had to go away or starve."

They stood upon the highest point of Holy Hill, some twenty feet above the summit of the Northern Hill, and looked out upon the southern islands.

"There!" said Armorel with a flush of pride, because the view here is so different and yet so lovely.

"Here you can see the South Islands. Look! there is Minalto, which you drifted past yesterday: those are the ledges of White Island, where you were nearly cast away and lost: there is Annet, where the seabirds lay their eggs—oh! thousands and thousands of puffins, though now there are not any—you should see them in the spring. That is St. Agnes—a beautiful island. I should like to show you Camberdiz and St. Werna's Cove. And there are the Dogs of Scilly beyond—they look to be black spots from here. You should see them close: then you would understand how big they are and how terrible. There are Gorregan and Daisy, Rosevean and Rosevean, Crebawethan and Pednathias, and there—where you see a little circle of white—that is Retarrier Ledge. Not long ago there was a great ship coming slowly up the Channel in bad weather: she was filled with Germans from New York going home to spend the money they had saved in America: most of them had their money with them tied up in bags. Suddenly, the ship struck on Retarrier. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and a great sea running. For two hours the ship kept bumping on the rocks: then she began to break up, and they were all drowned—all the women and all the children, and most of the men. Some of them had life-belts on, but they did not know how to tie them, and so the things only slipped down over their legs and helped to drown them. The money was found on them. In the old days the people of the islands would have had it all; but the coastguard took care of it. There, on the right of Retarrier, is the Bishop's Rock and lighthouse. In storms, the lighthouse rocks like a tree in the wind. You ought to sail over to those rocks, if it was only to see the surf dashing up their sides. But, since you cannot stay"—Again she sighed.

"These are very interesting islands," said Dick. "Especially is it interesting to consider the consequences of being a native."



"I should like to stay and sail among them," said Roland.

"For instance"—Dick pursued his line of thought—"in the study of geography. We who are from the inland parts of Great Britain must begin by learning the elements, the definitions, the terminology. Now to a Scilly boy."

"A Scillonian," the girl corrected him. "We never speak of Scilly folk."

"Naturally. To a Scillonian no explanation is needed. He knows, without being told, the meaning of peninsula, island, bay, shore, archipelago, current, tide, cape, headland, ocean, lake, road, harbour, reef, lighthouse, beacon, buoy, sounding—everything. He must know also what is meant by a gale of wind, a stiff breeze, a dead calm. He recognises, by the look of it, a lively sea, a chopping sea, a heavy sea, a roaring sea, a sulky sea. He knows everything except a river. That, I suppose, requires very careful explanation. It was a Scilly youth—I mean a Scillonian—who sat down on the river bank to wait for the water to go by. The history seems to prove the commercial intercourse which in remote antiquity took place between Phœnicia and the Cassiterides or Scilly Islands."

Armored looked puzzled. "I did not know that story of a Scillonian and a river," she said coldly.

"Never mind his stories," said Roland. "This place is a story in itself: you are a story: we are all in fairyland."

"No," she shook her head. "Bryher is the only island in all Scilly which has any fairies. They call them pixies, there. I do not think that fairies would ever like to come and live on Samson: because of the graves, you know."

She led them down the hill along a path worn by her own

feet alone, and brought them out to the level space occupied by the farm-buildings.

"This is where we live," she said. "If you could stay here, Roland Lee, we could give you a room. We have many empty rooms"—she sighed—"since my father and mother and my brothers were all drowned. Will you come in?"

She took them into the "best parlour," a room which struck a sudden chill to anyone who entered therein. It was the room reserved for days of ceremony—for a wedding, a christening, or a funeral. Between these events the room was never used. The furniture presented the aspect common to "best parlours," being formal and awkward. In one corner stood a bookcase with glass doors, filled with books. Armored showed them into this apartment, drew up the blind, opened the window—there was certainly a stuffiness in the air—and looked about the room with evident pride. Few best parlours, she thought, in the adjacent islands of St. Mary's, Bryher, Tresco, or even Great Britain itself could beat this.

She left them for a few minutes, and came back bearing a tray on which were a plate of apples, another of biscuits, and a decanter full of a very black liquid. Hospitality has its rules even on Samson, whither come so few visitors.

"Will you taste our Scilly apples?" she said. "These are from our own orchard, behind the house. You will find them very sweet."

Roland took one—as a general rule, this young man would rather take a dose of medicine than an apple—and munched it with avidity. "A delicious fruit!" he cried. But his friend refused the proffered gift.

"Then you will take a biscuit, Dick Stephenson? Nothing? At least, a glass of wine?"

"Never in the morning, thank you."

"You will, Roland Lee?" She turned, with a look of disappointment, to the other man, who was so easily pleased and who said such beautiful things. "It is my own wine—I made it myself, last year, of ripe blackberries."

"Indeed I will! Your own wine? Your own making, Miss Armored? Wine of Samson—the glorious vintage of the blackberry! In pies and in jampots I know the blackberry—but not, as yet, in decanters. Thank you, thank you."

He smiled heroically while he held the glass to the light, smelt it, rolled it gently round. Then he tasted it. "Sweet," he said critically. "And strong. Clings to the palate. A liqueur wine—a curious wine." He drank it up, and smiled again. "Your own making! It is wonderful! No—not another drop, thank you."

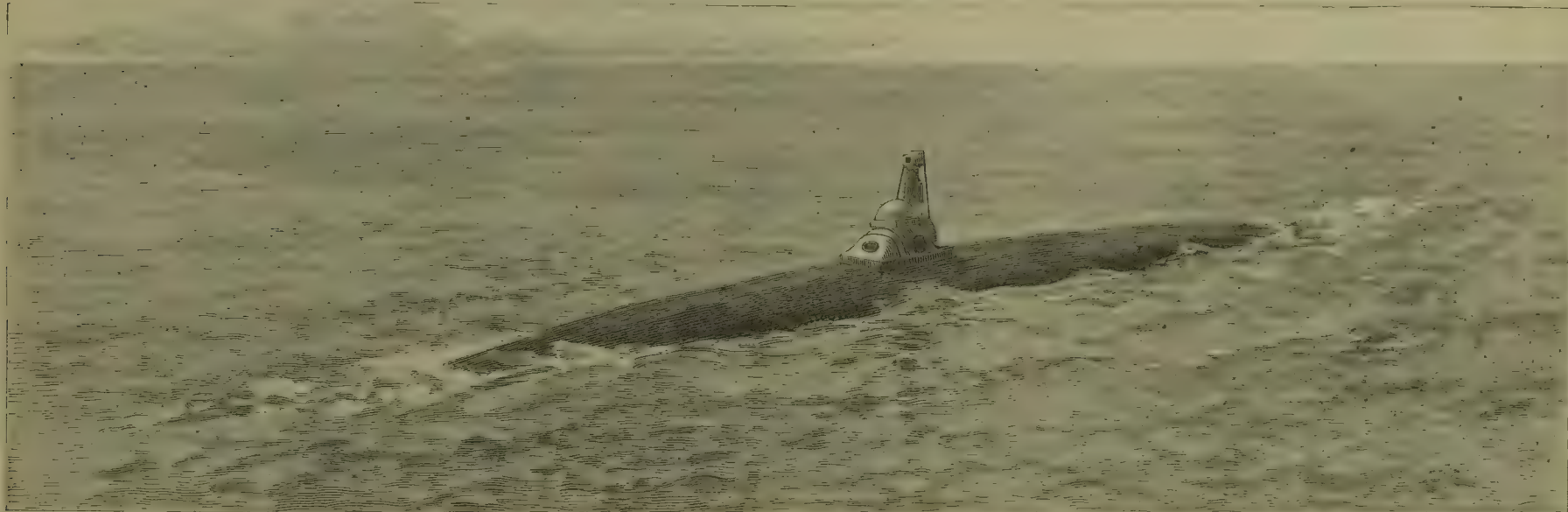
"Shall I show you?"—the girl asked timidly—"would you like to see my great-great-grandmother? She is so very old that the people come all the way from St. Agnes only just to look at her. Sometimes she answers questions for them, and they think it is telling their fortunes. She is asleep. But you may talk aloud. You will not awaken her. She is so very, very old, you know. Consider: she has been a widow nearly eighty years."

She led them into the other room, where, in effect, the ancient dame sat in her hooded chair fast asleep, in cap and bonnet, her hands, in black mittens, crossed.

"Heavens!" Roland murmured. "What a face! I must draw that face. And"—he looked at the girl bending over the chair placing a pillow in position—"and that other. It is wonderful," he said aloud. "This is, indeed, the face of one



THE PERAL AFTER SHE WAS LAUNCHED.



THE PERAL SINKING.

THE NEW SPANISH SUBMARINE TORPEDO-VESSEL, EL PERAL, AT CADIZ.

who has lived a hundred years. Does she sometimes wake up and talk?"

"In the evening she recovers her memory for a while and talks—sometimes quite nicely, sometimes she rambles."

"And you have a spinning-wheel in the corner?"

"She likes someone to work at the spinning-wheel while she talks. Then she thinks it is the old time back again."

"And there is a violin."

"I play it in the evening. It keeps her awake, and helps her to remember. Justinian taught me. He used to play very well indeed until his fingers grew stiff. I can play a great many tunes, but it is difficult to learn any new ones. Last summer there were some ladies at Tregarthen's—one of them had a most beautiful voice, and she used to sing in the evening with the window open. I used to sail across on purpose to land and listen outside. And I learned a very pretty tune: I would play it to you in the evening if you were not going away."

"I am not obliged to go away," the young man said with strangely flushing cheeks.

"Roland!" That was Dick's voice—but it was unheeded.

"Will you stay here, then?" the girl asked.

"Here in this house? In your house?"

"You can have my brother Emanuel's room. I shall be very glad if you will stay. And I will show you everything." She did not invite the young man called Dick, but this other, the young man who drank her wine and ate her apple.

"If your—your—your guardian—or your great-great-grandmother approves."

"Oh! she will approve. Stay, Roland Lee. We will make you very happy here. And you don't know what a lot there is to see."

"Roland!" Again Dick's warning voice.

"A thousand thanks!" he said. "I will stay."

(To be continued.)

## THE SPANISH SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT EL PERAL.

The submarine torpedo-boat El Peral, which has been attracting much notice in Spain, is the invention of Lieutenant Peral, of the Spanish Navy, and Professor of Physical Science in the Marine Academy: he is a native of Seville, and thirty-six years of age.

Some five years ago Lieutenant Peral conceived the idea of constructing a submarine vessel, and set to work upon plans for the same with the greatest secrecy, for fear of his invention being anticipated. When, however, difficulties arose between Spain and Germany over the Caroline Islands, Lieutenant Peral deemed it right to disclose his plans to the Minister of Marine, and the inventor was immediately summoned to Madrid, where a commission of experts was appointed to consider the plans. These being approved by high naval authorities, the keel of the Peral was laid in the arsenal of La Carraca, Oct. 23, 1887, but the boat was not launched till Sept. 8, 1888.

As may be seen from our Engraving, the vessel is cigar-shaped; she measures 74 ft. from stem to stern, the breadth being 9½ ft. She is driven by twin screws, the motive force being supplied by electrical storage batteries, and is fitted with complete torpedo gear. The internal arrangements and machinery are kept a profound secret, the mode of working of the vessel being known to only a few persons.

The boat is steered from a conning-tower in the middle, whence the captain obtains an all-round view by means of a set of reflecting mirrors. In addition to the former, four other hands are required for managing the vessel, but she has accommodation for fifty men in case of need. The depth inside just enables a man to stand upright in her.

The boat was first tested in the docks of La Carraca, as shown in two of our Illustrations, and other trials have been made in Cadiz Bay with equal success. On the last occasion,

the boat remained under water three quarters of an hour, steaming at the rate of about six knots, but the inventor maintains that double the speed may be attained. It may be mentioned that so confident is Señor Peral of the safety of his vessel that on the next occasion his wife and three other young ladies will accompany him on the trip.

There will be performed a series of torpedo attacks upon an old hulk moored in the bay. This will be the most serious test of the boat; for the great drawback, as with every other submarine vessel yet invented, is the impossibility of seeing very far under water, so as to find the object which the vessel is in search of. It may be borne in mind that the Nordenföldt submarine boat—a vessel at the time fully illustrated in this Journal—some years ago went far to solve the problem of submarine navigation, but even this engine of war has not, as predicted, revolutionised naval warfare. It is a significant circumstance that although Russia, France, Turkey, Spain, and other nations possess these boats, our own naval authorities are far from considering them dangerous, and have, in fact, decided not to adopt them for our defence in their present doubtful state of development.

Lieutenant Peral's plan is to girdle the coast of Spain with thousands of these vessels, rendering it invulnerable to attack, at an outlay, he maintains, of only half that expended upon a single first-class armour-clad.

Now Ready,

## VOL. 95, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. JULY TO DECEMBER, 1889.

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"ANGELICA."—PICTURE BY CONRAD KIESEL.

## PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA.

Some account has already been given of the visit of Prince Albert Victor of Wales to the Nizam of Hyderabad, a few days after his arrival at Bombay, where he landed on Nov. 9; and it was mentioned that his Royal Highness had an opportunity of seeing the pastime of hunting by the aid of a "cheetah," or tame leopard, which is peculiar to Central India. This is the subject of an illustration supplied by our Special Artist's sketch of that kind of sport, which has frequently been described. The cheetah, which is a tawny-coloured beast, smaller than the ordinary leopard or panther, and of a less ferocious disposition, is bred and trained for the amusement of Native Princes. They use this animal on the plains very much as they would use a hawk, trained to serve its master by flight and pursuit of game in the air. Blindfolded, the cheetah is brought in a cart to within sight of a herd of deer, gazelles, or black buck; the hood is then removed, and the cheetah springs forth to chase and capture the game, in which it

seldom fails. The hunters then ride up, and coax or compel the cheetah to surrender its prey to them, on the "sic vos non vobis" principle of dealing with serviceable brutes.

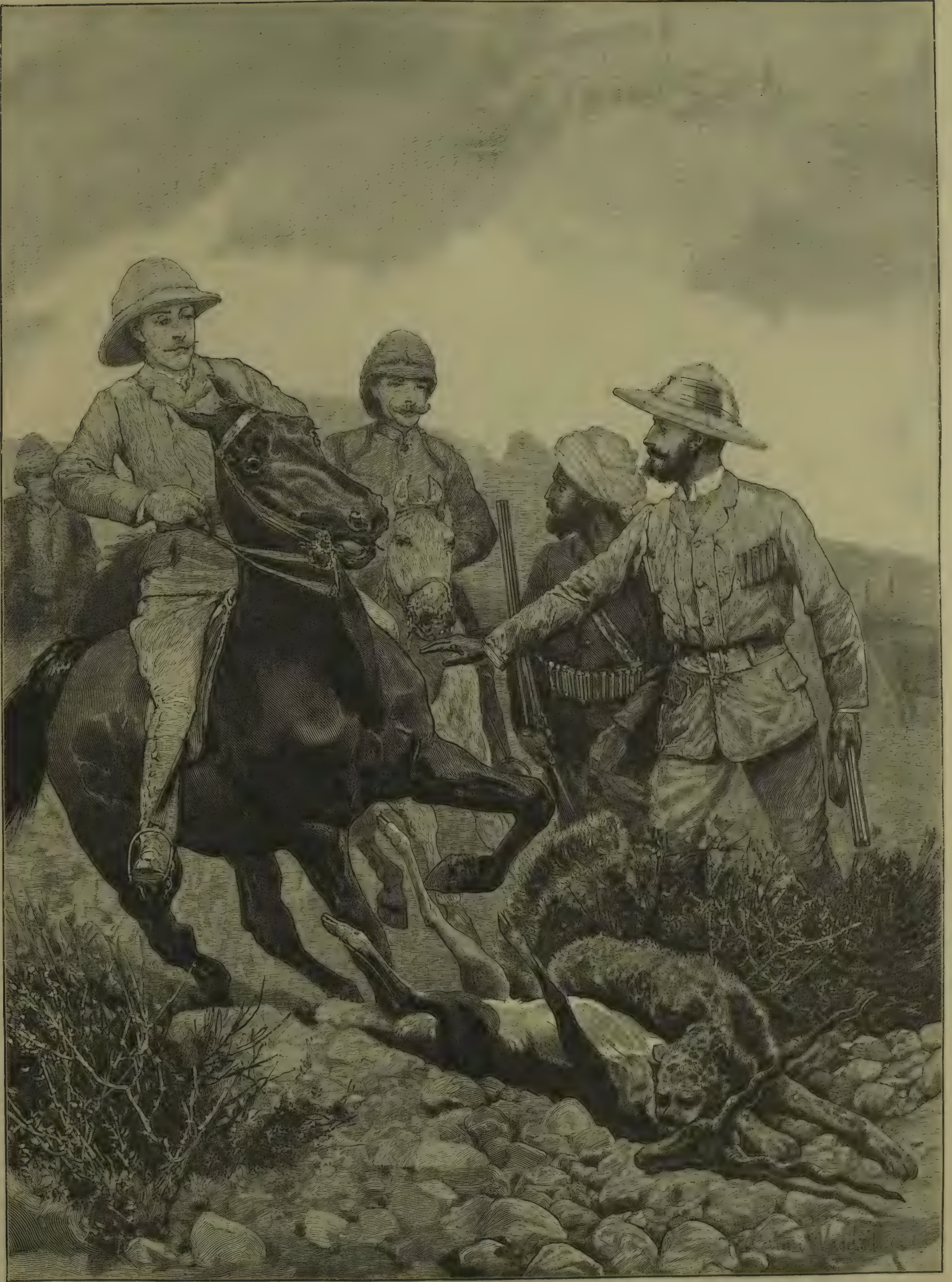
## BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE—1890.

The New Year has brought, as usual, a new edition of Sir Bernard Burke's popular work—a work adapted to all grades. The memoirs of the titled orders, involving as they do ample particulars of every generation from a distant period to the year we have just entered on, are sure to interest all lovers of family history. The elaborate Key, which is the opening chapter of the book, guides the uninitiated to the information sought, and by its aid the veriest neophyte will see his way clearly indicated. Then comes the Royal Lineage, deduced from William the Conqueror, through its various branches; and after it follows the Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, occupying about sixteen hundred pages. We have also the Scale of Precedence, authoritatively arranged, showing every man and woman's place in society. "The two most notable incidents in Peerage history during the past twelve months (we are

quoting from the preface) have been the Royal marriage of the Duke of Fife and the extinction of the Dukedom of Buckingham and Chandos. By the latter event one great title disappears from the roll of the nobility, while at the same time its extinction originates three separate and distinct peerages—the Barony of Kinloss, the Viscounty of Cobham, and the Earldom of Temple." No new peerage has been made, and only one promotion—the Earldom of Fife to a Dukedom, but eight or nine creations have been added to the Baronetcy. "Burke's Peerage" as a book of reference is unrivalled in its simplicity of arrangement and accuracy of detail, and is invaluable to those who are proud of their long-descended lines of ancestry.

The freedom of the city of Liverpool has been conferred upon Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, late an Alderman of the city, in recognition of his munificence and the general esteem in which he is held by citizens. Among Sir Andrew Walker's gifts to the city are the Walker Art Gallery and the new engineering laboratory of University College.





PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA: HUNTING BLACK BUCK WITH CHEETAH AT HYDERABAD.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## NEW BOOKS.

*The Roof of France, or the Causse of the Lozère.* By Matilda Betham Edwards. (R. Bentley and Son.)—During many years past, the clever and frank-minded authoress of this volume has devoted summer months of travel, and subsequent literary labours, to making us acquainted with the comparatively neglected scenes of beauty and grandeur in some parts of France. Very few English tourists or sojourners in famous resorts of visitors to the Continent are at all aware that the south central region of that country, beyond the notable Pay de Dome of Auvergne, comprising the Departments of the Cantal, the Lozère, and Aveyron, contains almost more picturesque and romantic scenery than any region of the same extent in Europe, only excepting Switzerland and the Tyrol. It has no mountains of Alpine proportions or aspect, but its highlands are grand and wild, here of granite, there of limestone formation, presenting on a larger scale the features of Dartmoor and also of Derbyshire; and their most elevated part, the "Causse," anciently called the Gévaudan, from which the Lot and the Tarn and other streams flow westward to the Garonne, is the true "Roof," the summit and dividing watershed of France, seeing that the waters on its eastern side contribute to the Rhone, while those flowing northward pass on to the Loire. Miss Betham Edwards is thereby justified in adopting a title for her book the propriety of which must be recognised by students of physical geography; and the publication of this attractive work, dedicated to the excellent head of the French Government, President Carnot, should aid in realising the patriotic views with which great works of railway construction have been performed to render Auvergne, the Lozère, the Cévennes, and all that central portion of Southern France more easily accessible. Her first visit to the Lozère, in 1887, was rather an experimental reconnaissance than an exploration, visiting the pretty little cathedral city of Mende, on the Lot, and driving up to the highlands as far as Sauveterre, but immediately returning on account of rough weather, and descending to the lowlands of Aveyron. In the following year, being again in the South of France, she entered the Lozère from the south-west by the upper valley of the Tarn; and her description of the whole of that wild district is sufficiently complete. The Causse, of which we had never before heard, and which many Frenchmen have never heard of, seem to be truly wonderful, sublime in their own way, though altogether differing in character from such peaks of vast altitude and amazing shape as belong to the Alps. A massive table-land, forty or fifty miles broad, as high as the mountains of Cumberland, is cleft by deep ravines or canyons, in the almost perpendicular walls of which are caverns and tunnels bored through the limestone rock by former subterranean torrents from melting glaciers. The Causse de Sauveterre, the Causse Méjean, and the Causse Noir are such enormous blocks of uplands, separated by charming narrow dales full of rich verdure, woods and meadows, orchards and vineyards, with the little town of St. Enimie built on terraces of the cliff. The lofty plains above, in winter covered with snow for several months, and bestrewn with stones, are decked in summer with a profusion of wildflowers. From those skyward heights the traveller descends by giddy zigzag roads to the secluded valley. The authoress, who was accompanied by a lady artist, is enthusiastic in her praises of St. Enimie and its people, and in her description of the eight hours' boat-voyage, shooting the rapids of the Tarn, between that town and Le Rozier: we have certainly nothing like it in England or Scotland or Wales. The white glistening cliffs rise a thousand feet above the stream. But the greatest natural curiosity is the now famous "Cité du Diable," also called Montpelier le Vieux, a mimic town of Nature's frolic architecture, with ramparts and citadel, towers, domes, arches, and spires, streets and arcades, all carved out of the rock by the action of ice and water. This marvellous place has been recently discovered by the compilers of French guide-books. The inhabitants of the Lozère have many virtues—strict honesty, frank and dignified civility, industry and frugality, and striking personal beauty. They are staunch Republicans, and most of the peasants are small landowners, but many also rent large farms, and gain considerable wealth by thrifty management. In the Department of Aveyron, to the west of the Lozère, is the fine old town of Rodez, which was twice visited by Miss Betham Edwards, and she would like to revisit it every year of her life. It stands on a high platform, overlooking a lovely country surrounded by distant hills and mountains; and its cathedral, with a three-storied red stone tower of Flamboyant Gothic, shining ruddy in the sunset, is a glorious sight. In the Cantal, an adjacent Department, is Vic-sur-Cère, described as "an earthly Paradise," the prettiest little town imaginable, the abode of sweetness, graciousness, and repose. But the authoress, lingering on her journeys to and fro in other parts of France, has much else to describe, besides that southern region which offers so many attractions hitherto disregarded. From Auxerre she passed to Autun, visited the abode of Mr. P. G. Hamerton, and explored the Morvan, a central district of primitive Celtic population, of dark forests, granite crags, and heathery moorlands, in the midst of which is the ancient fortress of Château Châlon, and where rises the hill called Bibracte by Cæsar in his Commentary of the Gallic Wars. Again, the steam-boat trip down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon, of which Miss Betham Edwards gives an inviting account, might be recommended in preference to the railway, if tourists were not usually in such a hurry to get across France that from Calais, or from Paris, to the Riviera they miss all the finest scenes in that country. There are some Englishmen, indeed, who would rather not deprive themselves of the privilege of ignorance which permits them to say that all France is monotonous and uninteresting, and that all the French rural population are a wretched class of sordid drudges, oppressed by Republican misrule.

*Our Home in Aveyron.* By G. Christopher Davies and Mrs. Broughall. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—The author of "Norfolk Broads and Rivers," Mr. G. Christopher Davies, with whose writings we are agreeably acquainted, has a sister, Mrs. Broughall, and a brother or brother-in-law, named Henry, residing at the village of St. Martin, Bouillac, on the river Lot, where the gentleman last mentioned is director and chief engineer of silver-lead mines, worked by an English Company. The Lot, as may have been observed just now in reading our notice of Miss Betham Edwards's "Roof of France," is a river which descends from the Lozère westward, crossing the northern part of the Department of the Aveyron, then traverses the Department of the Lot, passing the old city of Cahors, and finally reaches the Garonne. This is also the final destination of the river Aveyron, on which Rodez is situated, and of the Tarn, all three being sister-streams from the Lozère; and the breadth of country included by the courses is nearly half of the entire breadth of Southern France, containing many places of historical interest. Mr. Davies made a long visit to the home of his brother and sister on the Lot; he had the advantage of frequent trips in a steam-launch on that beautiful river, and became quite familiar with the neighbouring villages and hamlets. In one respect—concerning the manners and morals of certain classes

of the population—his report is not so pleasant as that of Miss Betham Edwards among the purely rustic folk of the Tarn valley. Mining districts, in some other countries as well as in France, occasionally show a rough and surly temper of the labouring class. It is probable that if a German company attempted to work mines in Glamorganshire, Staffordshire, or Lanarkshire, with a staff of foreign resident officers, even as discreet and prudent as these Englishmen in Aveyron, who have had some troubles to encounter, the administration would not always rub on smoothly. One is sorry to learn that the director could never go into the mine, among the men in the company's employment, without a loaded revolver. This is as bad as to be resident agent for the owner of an Irish landed estate. If French companies, with French managers and superintendents, would undertake the exploitation of minerals in that district, they might possibly get on more comfortably with the natives in their service. At the great colliery of Decazeville, six miles distant, one of the Belgian managers, M. Watrin, was brutally killed in a riot during the colliers' strike a few years ago; two thousand troops had to occupy the town, with other soldiery at Aubin and Cransac. The daily home life of Mr. Davies's friends appears to have been somewhat overshadowed by anxieties upon this score; but in their neighbourly intercourse with the respectable peasantry, farmers, local proprietors, schoolteachers, and other classes unconnected with the lead-mine there was mutual kindness and goodwill. Mrs. Broughall, "the sister," who contributes a good deal to the contents of this volume, says that she not only likes France, and feels quite at home even in the "pays perdu" where she dwells, but she likes the French people; and it is evident that she cordially sympathises with Frenchwomen, and willingly assists the poor in their family affairs, many of which she describes—housekeeping, work, bargaining, love and marriage, the care of children, simple pleasures, and domestic sorrows. Away from the local mining community, which we decline to accept as a fair sample of the French nation, Mr. Davies, with his sister and brother, enjoyed their expeditions to several near and distant places of note. He is a skilful photographer, and this volume is adorned with a dozen fine plates, including views of La Roque, the Château Salvignac, Montbrun, Gany, and Rocamadour, illustrative of the romantic scenery of the Lot. The account of Rocamadour, an extraordinary cluster of buildings, village houses, church, monastery, chapels, and mission-house, with a famous miracle-working shrine, piled directly over each other up the face of an overhanging cliff, in which passages and staircases are cut, is the most curious matter in this book.

*Between the Forelands.* By W. Clark Russell. (Sampson Low and Co.)—In the opening passages of one of his noble marine romances, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," this masterly author of sea-stories has splendidly described the successive views of the Kentish coast, the Downs, and the Strait of Dover, from on board an outward-bound ship. Everybody goes sometimes to Ramsgate, and has occasionally been at Dover. Even Sandwich and Deal are not left quite unvisited; but few take sufficient pains to store up in their minds the inestimable historical associations of that small piece of England's shores. Mr. Clark Russell, though his nautical knowledge, unapproached by any other living novelist, was not gained in the Royal Navy, and the great battles of the French war are not pictured in his delightful works of fiction, is nevertheless inspired by patriotism to remind his countrymen of many brave deeds either performed or prepared between the North and the South Foreland. There is a brief historical treatise on the Cinque Ports, by Professor Montagu Burrows, which may be recommended as a companion to this volume, while Mr. Clark Russell deals more largely with fleets, ships, and sailors, and the Deal boatmen, in past ages and in the present, than with the antiquities of the Kentish towns. Sandwich, under the Plantagenet reigns, beheld the departure of King Edward III.'s land and sea forces to invade France, and repeatedly withstood the French attacks in its turn. But Deal, opposite to the perilous Goodwin Sands and to the anchorage of the Downs, holds by far the larger place in this interesting collection of maritime adventures. Although the most important English battles against powerful fleets—Spaniards, Dutch, or French—contending for the command either of the North Sea or of the Channel, were not fought in the Downs, it was there, in general, that our Navy kept guard against each successive enemy of this realm. The Dutch and Spanish men-of-war fought each other in the Downs with the utmost fury, at times when England was at peace with both; and our own conflicts with the Dutch, begun under Cromwell and renewed under Charles II., from a bad motive of covetous and arrogant jealousy, disturbed those waters again. During our French wars of the eighteenth century, and until some years after Trafalgar, the Downs were the rendezvous for many a great naval expedition. Mr. Russell, however, prefers to dwell on the experiences of the mercantile marine, which then had no lack of fighting. The fine ships of the East India Company, after the capture of the Kent in 1800, were fully armed with broadside batteries of eighteen-pounders and carronades on the upper deck and poop, to beat off the French frigates; and wonderful feats of valour were performed by smaller merchantmen against the hostile privateers. We cannot but doubt the truth of some of the stories told by certain masters of English vessels, and recorded in Campbell's "Naval History"; it was so easy for a sailor landing at a western seaport to brag that he had overcome six or seven Frenchmen with his own hand, but where is the corroborative evidence? Better authenticated tales are those of the rescue of vessels lying in the Downs from cutting-out parties, which used to "sneak" over in French luggers from Calais or Dunkirk. Mr. Russell's indignation at such practices is manifestly sincere; but he should reflect that throughout the whole of our naval warfare with France, and previously with Spain, the base motive of plunder, latterly disguised by prize money, was an actuating principle with hundreds of English seamen, who personally deserved little of the glory justly bestowed on our famous naval commanders. There probably never was any class of our countrymen among whom so many atrocious ruffians might be found as those engaged in the slave-trade between Africa and the West Indies at that period; but, as sailors and occasional fighters, their individual prowess could not be denied. Even the brave longshoremen of Deal, whose virtue, probity, and self-sacrificing devotedness are properly esteemed in these days of the life-boat service, were such arrant scamps, a hundred years ago, such unscrupulous smugglers, wreckers, and extortioners, that no public compassion was felt when Government resorted to the summary measure of burning their boats. In short, we decline to believe that the English nation, or the seafaring part of it, in the eighteenth century, was nearly so good as it is now; and, in our opinion, the almost incessant maritime wars that were waged around our coasts had a demoralising effect. But the tales of stirring enterprise, of peril and strife and hard-won victory, which Mr. Russell has diligently gathered and vividly narrated, make a capital book, which contains passages that no other writer could have produced on this special topic of animated and picturesque description.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## SOME PLANT GROUNDINGS.

With the ordinary forms of plants and flowers everybody, of course, is very familiar; but of the great kingdom of lower plant life few persons, save botanists, know anything at all. The ferns we all recognise and, what is more, delight in, but even about the life-history of a fern there exists a very widespread ignorance. Below the ferns, which are aristocrats amid the lower groups of plants, come the mosses, fungi, and a whole host of still more lowly organised plants, beginning with the seaweeds and the *Conferve* (which form the green scum on ponds), and ending with those microscopic free-swimming plants that are akin to the "germs" which people the earth, water, and sky. At first sight, the fungi, it must be confessed, do not present apparently any very attractive features for popular study; but the same opinion may be expressed of, say, an egg; and I know nothing more wonderful in the whole range of scientific research which equals in interest the story of an egg's becoming—a story I may hope to tell some day, soon, in these pages. Toadstools and mushrooms are the familiar representatives of the fungi; but the order is a very large one indeed, and includes a vast number of species, ranging from plants of very respectable size to those of merely microscopic dimensions. The whole group of those organisms, which cause the diseases of plants known as smut, rust, mildew, blight, and the like, is included under the name of "fungi"; so that to the gardener and the farmer the study of these groundlings of the vegetable kingdom can be shown to be fraught with very practical interest in view of the cure or, what is better still, the prevention of plant ailments.

To begin with, we may be clear about one point regarding our mushrooms, toadstools, smuts, mildews, and the like—namely, that they are all of much simpler structure than ordinary flowering plants. Our buttercup or daisy is a complex being. It has its parts specialised to form organs of distinct nature—such as root, stem, leaves, and flowers. Again, when we take it to pieces under the microscope, we see that its tissues or layers are made up of a whole variety of different elements—cells and fibres. Not so is it with our fungi. These, as a rule, have no such development of parts into roots, leaves, and the like, and all their tissues are built up of cells only. No fibres exist in them. They are soft-bodied plants, such as we know the mushroom to be. Yet this is not all, as regards our fungi. Taking them in their simplest phases, we find the essential part of each fungus to exist as threadlike branching filaments, which constitute the so-called *mycelium*. This is, in truth, the fungus proper, and most of the duties of life pertaining to nutrition, and so forth, are discharged by these creeping threads. These latter, again, are white in colour. They possess no green substance, and be it noted that the presence or absence of green makes all the difference in the world to a plant. For when it does possess green matter, it can feed upon the materials it derives from earth and air—the water, carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and minerals, which form the food of green plants at large. When, on the contrary, a plant has no green hue, it demands ready-made food in the shape of living matter. So that our fungi are daintier feeders in a way than their higher green neighbours. They subsist upon matter once living but now dead and decaying, while they sometimes feed upon living matter in its vital condition. Roughly, we might divide our fungi into those which feed on decomposing organic matter (e.g. our mushrooms) and those which exist on actually living bodies. These last are as much parasites as are the animals which lodge (and often board also) on other animals.

The manner in which the fungi reproduce their like is also very curious and interesting. The ordinary green plant, as we know, produces seeds. These, when planted in the ground, give origin each to a new plant. Development is, therefore, direct, as we may term it, in the green plants we see around us. But the fungi (and, for that matter of it, the ferns also) do not produce seeds. They develop minute living particles, known to botanists as "spores." When we study the spores in the light of their growth, we at once note how different lower plant life is when compared with the higher forms of the vegetable kingdom. A common fern bears on the back of its fronds (not "leaves," please) certain brown bodies. Each of these brown specks is a collection of little cases called spore-cases. In shape, in ordinary ferns, a spore-case is like a fireman's helmet. The ridge or crest of the helmet in the spore-case is a ring which, by its contraction, splits open the case, and allows the little spores to escape and to fall into the soil. Now, were a spore a seed, each would grow up directly into a fern. But instead of thus ending the matter, we find each spore to give origin to a leaflike body, called the *prothallus*. This roots itself, and then produces in turn certain curious organs not unlike the stamens and pistils of higher plants. By the aid of these organs of the prothallus, the young fern-body is actually produced. It grows from the green leaf that arose from the spore, and when it has advanced in life, coiling up its first frond like the top of the bishop's crozier, the prothallus disappears by withering away, or by becoming absorbed in the young fern itself. Development in the fern is therefore from the fern to the spore, then to the prothallus, and from the prothallus to the fern again.

Now, in our fungi, much the same course of events has to be chronicled in respect of their development. The fungus produces "spores," like the fern, and not seeds. These spores grow upon special filaments which shoot up from the surface of the threads that we have seen to form the essential part of every fungus. In some fungi the threads are separate and distinct, and then the spores are set free into the air, and help to form part and parcel of the great army of germs which the air-ocean bears. In this way, disseminated abroad, the spores find a resting-place here and there: now in the jam-pots of the housewife, now on the fine old crusted cheese, and now on a pair of boots which have been laid away in a damp condition. But in other cases our fungi develop their spores in closed cases, whence they ultimately escape. The fungus-spore settles down, as we have seen, develops its threads, and then, latterly, we get back to the spore-bearing stage again. But some fungi may give origin each to several kinds of spores, and out of each kind a special form of the fungus develops. The exact personality of the fungus in such a case may be a matter very difficult of determination; and it would almost appear as though several distinct species had become mysteriously mixed up in their development. In lower plant life, however, we are prepared for this assumption of several forms and shapes, and finally in their habits we see illustrated the same tendency towards particular modes of life. Fungi nearly related are often found to attack very different plants. There is a mildew which attacks the lettuce, for example, and it is a near relative of another which infests the onion. Yet each fungus seems compelled to keep to its own plant, lettuce or onion: the one cannot trench on the other's ground. This says something for complicated habits even among the tenants of the slums of the vegetable world.

ANDREW WILSON.



## THE TUDOR EXHIBITION.

## SECOND NOTICE.

Historically, if not artistically, the Elizabethan period furnishes an even more interesting array of portraits than either of the preceding reigns. Unfortunately, neither Holbein nor his pupils dealt with the statesmen or soldiers of the time, and Lucas de Heere, Zuccherro, and even Gheeraerts seem only on rare occasions to have gone outside the Royal family for subjects. Of Elizabeth herself there are upwards of thirty portraits, besides numerous miniatures and drawings. Whether vanity or flattery was the source of so many reproductions of her Majesty's face is not a matter of importance to us at the present day; and, although it is unlikely that she gave sittings for more than a tithe of her likenesses, it might fairly be assumed that the replicas and copies were mostly made during her lifetime. Her anxiety to produce a good impression upon her people is evidenced by the proclamation issued in 1563, and still extant, by which none but a "special cunninge paynter" was to be permitted to draw her likeness, from which it is assumed that Zuccherro, appointed about that time Painter in Ordinary, produced results most satisfactory to the Royal sitter. The portraits attributed to him in the present collection are those lent by Mr. Spencer Lucy (271), by Mrs. Snare (288), and by Mrs. Dent (289), the first three-quarter length, and the other two half-length. Of these, Mrs. Dent's is certainly the most probable likeness, although the dress rather than the face seems to have been the object of the painter's care. In the full-length portrait (346) lent by Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a stronger suggestion of a likeness, or it may be that it offers points which tally with our floating ideas of Elizabeth's character and appearance. In other respects the two most interesting portraits of her are those as a child (262), which is probably lifelike; and as "The Perfect Wife" (281), standing on a tortoise, and holding her finger to her lips. It has been doubted whether this was ever intended as a likeness of the Princess, or, indeed, of anyone at all; but the long-standing tradition connected with the original work (of which this is a copy) justifies its appearance in the present exhibition.

Of the great personages who gave to Elizabeth's Court and reign its high renown there is an abundant show; and, although the catalogue is discreetly silent as to the origin of the majority of the pictures, it is not to be assumed that they are not genuine and contemporaneous. Not only had artists come to this country from Italy and the Netherlands, but already Scotland was sending south a number of clever painters, who possibly did as much to develop English art as any of the professors from the Continent. Very few names of either English or Scotch painters of this period have been preserved; and, as the identification of their respective pictures is practically impossible, the committee have wisely abstained from attributing the majority of the pictures to any named artists. The Duke of Norfolk, however, is able to contribute two notable works—Zuccherro's portrait of the "Venerable" Earl of Arundel (286), whom Elizabeth is supposed to have allowed to be poisoned in the Tower; and Lucas de Heere's portrait of Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk (292), the sole heiress of Lord Audley, and ancestress of the Lords Howard de Walden, the Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire, the Earls of Carlisle, and the Howards of Corby Castle. There is a portrait of her father (58) in the West Gallery, lent by Magdalene College, Cambridge, which was in part founded out of the enormous wealth which had been conferred upon him by Henry VIII. on the dissolution of the monasteries. "In the feast of Abbey Lands," writes Fuller, "King Henry carved unto him the first cut (and that, I assure you, was a dainty morsel), viz., the Priory of the Trinity in Aldgate Ward, dissolved 1531, which, as a van courier, outran other abbeys by two years, and foretold their dissolution." Of the other ladies whose portraits appear in this collection which should be noticed are Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk (255), who, in later life, married her "master of the horse," Adrian Stokes, or Stock, probably a sort of steward, about fifteen years her junior; Cicely, Countess of Dorset (280): the fascinating Anne Vavasour (304), who seems to have ruffled the conventional ideas of her time, and disturbed the peace of more than one household; Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke (309), the subject of Ben Jonson's well-known lines; Elizabeth, Lady Hoby (359), afterwards Lady John Russell, who had charge of Princess Elizabeth during her enforced stay at Bisham; and her sister-in-law, Lucy, Countess of Bedford (412), a liberal patroness of poets.

Of Elizabeth's favourites one cannot help preferring the manly face of Leicester (250), despite its somewhat hard and cynical expression, to the feebleness which strikes one in the face of Essex (308). In like manner one naturally makes comparison between Sir Walter Raleigh (353) and Sir Philip Sidney (388), the former of whom is represented with his son and the latter with his brother—a comparison which is altogether to the advantage of the gentle author of "Arcadia"; other rivals, such as Sir Christopher Hatton (345) and Sir Francis Bacon (400), Lord Burgley (290)—whose portrait clearly indicates the origin of the traditional stage Polonius—and Sir Francis Walsingham (267), a far more characteristic face; and two worthy comrades, Sir Francis Drake (322) and Sir Martin Frobisher (327). These are only a few among the illustrious men who stood round Elizabeth, and made her name respected at home and feared abroad; and, among others, a moment should be found to look at Sir Hugh Myddelton (343), who first gave London pure water; Sir Thomas Gresham (363), the great philanthropist of his day; and Grindal (416), Bancroft (362), and Whitgift (378), the most distinguished occupants of the see of Canterbury during the reign.

The literary portraits, as they may be called, are headed by what is known as the "Fenton portrait" of Shakespeare (389), now the property of Lady Burdett-Coutts, who also lends another (391), attributed on very slender grounds to Zuccherro. There are other portraits, of which that (398) belonging to Mrs. Lucy of Charlecombe is the most interesting, and is, perhaps, preserved in the family as a sort of apology for the indignity inflicted upon the original in his lifetime. Fletcher (381), the dramatist; Camden (366), the historian; and Ben Jonson (387), the poet, are a few among the worthies of that age who look down upon us from their frames, whose faces will recall a brilliant period of our literature.

In the balcony are a number of other portraits belonging to the whole Tudor period, which should in no case be passed over unnoticed; and this should also be said of the collection of Holbein drawings in the West Gallery, lent from the collection at Windsor Castle. Of the relics one is forced to speak with considerable caution and reserve; but we may receive more readily as genuine the various Armada Chests (798\*-800) than Katherine of Aragon's Travelling Chest (802) or Sir Thomas Lucy's Black Jack Jug (932), Sir Francis Drake's Astrolabe (1004) and Lord Leicester's Violin (1001), given him by Elizabeth, having histories which are accepted by many antiquaries as unimpeachable; but the like cannot be said of the Essex Ring (1031), Sir Walter Raleigh's Chain (1050), or Dr. Dee's Show-Stone (1051), of which the properties might with propriety be tested by the Psychological Society.

We will not dwell upon the miniatures, coins, &c.; but we must call especial attention to the very interesting collection of silver plate (912-928), of which all the specimens belonging to the Queen or to corporate bodies are of undoubted genuineness. In the balcony will be found a number of manuscript letters and documents, so disposed that their contents can be deciphered without difficulty; almost a score of the most noteworthy of the early editions of the Bible and of the Book of Common Prayer and its ancestors—besides many other books and other objects throwing light upon the Tudor period. The committee are to be congratulated on their achievements, and the public upon having history thus so spread out that he who runs may read—and may take away with him much food for profitable digestion at his leisure.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The Vienna Correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphs: Astronomical calculations show that we shall witness a most interesting phenomenon in the course of 1890. A sixth star will be added to the five fixed stars forming the constellation of Cassiopeia. If this star appears in 1890 it will have been seen seven times since the beginning of the Christian era. It was discovered last time by Tycho de Brahe in 1572, who described it as a star of extraordinary brightness, which outshone the stars of first magnitude, and could be seen in the light of day. But after three weeks the brightness faded, and after having been visible for seventeen months it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The star is on record in the annals of 1264 A.D., and of 945 A.D., during the Emperor Otto's reign. It has been supposed that this heavenly body is the identical Star of Bethlehem, and it seems to appear once in about 315 years. Now, if it be calculated backwards from 945, that would make its appearance coincident with the date of the birth of Christ, and, when the calculation is made from 945 forward, the star was due in 1260, 1575, and 1890. Dr. Palisa, of the Vienna Observatory, who has been questioned on the subject, says that there are no proofs that the Tychoonian Star and the star of 945 are identical. There are many stars which return after a lapse of several years, but there is no authority for the certain return of a star not seen since 1572.

## INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS.

According to circulars recently issued by the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, the season is suitable for going to Australia or South Africa, but emigrants for Canada should not start till the end of March. Emigrants for Queensland, Western Australia, and Natal who have friends in those colonies should note that those friends can by applying there procure for them passages at reduced rates, but this privilege is confined, in the case of Queensland, to agricultural emigrants and female servants. In addition, the Cape Government gives cheap passages to mechanics and female servants under contract to employers in the Cape Colony; and Queensland gives free and assisted passages to unmarried labourers on the land and to useful single women. Farmers with capital and female servants will find openings in all the colonies; and agricultural labourers in Australia. For a few railway navvies Natal at present offers the best openings; for miners, Tasmania and New Zealand; and for carpenters, masons, and mechanics connected with the building trades, the Cape Colony and Natal, though there is generally an opening, without a special demand, for capable mechanics in all the colonies. The main points of interest in connection with emigration during the past quarter have been (1) the improved prospects in New Zealand, South Australia, and, to a less extent, in New South Wales and Western Australia; (2) the comparative scarcity of mechanics in the inland towns of the Cape Colony; and (3) the continued emigration from Europe to the Argentine Republic; the Government of which is offering much encouragement to European immigration.

The Law Courts reopened on Jan. 11 for the Hilary sittings, which will continue to April 2. Now that the sittings of the Special Commission have finished, the services of Justices Day and Smith will again be available in the Queen's Bench Division, but about ten or twelve of the Judges will be required to leave town for the spring assizes early in February.

A curious story is told of the dismantling of the Royal Adelaide, late flag-ship at Devonport. Fifteen years ago Mr. John Smyth, who is now ship's corporal on board H.M.S. *Impregnable*, was serving on the Royal Adelaide, and posted a letter, containing a photograph, to his mother. That letter reached its destination only a few days back. It got into a crevice of the ship letter-box, where it has lain undiscovered since 1874. The authorities sent the letter in a large official envelope to the addressee, and on its being opened it was found that the photograph was in a good state of preservation.

One highly important branch of the work of the Imperial Institute was commenced on Jan. 11, University College and King's College lending their aid. This was the founding of a School for Modern Oriental Studies, which opened on the 16th at the colleges named. The inaugural meeting was at the Royal Institution, where, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, addresses were delivered by the Prince of Wales, who presided, Professor Max Müller, and Lord Herschell. His Royal Highness pointed out that the best support which the new school could receive would be the active encouragement by public bodies and Government departments, and by those having intercourse with Oriental countries. The Prince added that he regarded the School of Modern Oriental Studies as an earnest of the useful work which the Imperial Institute is destined to accomplish.

Anonymous donations appear to be the order of the day. Besides the £100,000 given to establish a convalescent home in connection with the London hospitals (rumoured to be the gift of Mr. Peter Reid, a well-known City man), there have been other gifts. At Colchester, an unregistered letter, bearing the West London post-mark, has been delivered to Messrs. Mills, Bawtree, and Co., bankers, Colchester, containing a Bank of England note for £1000 folded within a sheet of paper, on which was written, "For the Eastern Counties Idiot Asylum." There was no signature. Simultaneously some unknown donor has placed £1000 in the hands of the Mayor of Cork and £1000 with the Rev. Canon Harley, Rector of Christ Church, Cork, for the relief of poor widows in that city. A lady, whose name is by request withheld, has promised a gift of £2000 to Bangor Welsh Congregational College. The Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund has received, through Messrs. Coutts and Co., an anonymous donation of £100.—Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. for Flintshire, has given £1000 towards the establishment of intermediate schools in that county. Mr. Smith recently gave a challenge gift of £1000 towards the payment of the chapel debts in Flintshire.—The High Sheriff of Kent, M. Sebag Montefiore, has given over £100 to the Mayor and clergymen of Ramsgate for distribution among the poor of the district.—The Duke of Newcastle has subscribed fifty guineas towards the restoration of Carlton parish church.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.  
FORAGING FOR SUPPLIES.

It will not be a subject for surprise to the readers of the *Illustrated London News* that action is being taken against Tippoo Tib by the Emin Bey Relief Expedition in respect of the non-fulfilment of engagements entered into with Mr. Stanley. How the Arab chief is to be brought to book remains to be seen. His agent Tharic has in hand belonging to Tippoo some ten thousand pounds, a balance on the sale of ivory, no doubt, and the Consular Court at Zanzibar has forbidden him to part with it in view of the action that is pending there against the owner of the money. Evidence has been given before the Court by Mr. Stanley and Mr. Bonny showing that Tippoo Tib not only broke his contract with the expedition, but did so for the purpose of obtaining all the stores and ammunition belonging to it. Frequently in these columns I have, on the authority of Ward, referred to Selim Mahomed, Tippoo Tib's nephew, notably in the last article connected with the village-raiding on the Aruwimi.

Stanley and Bonny, it appears, now charge Selim with having killed the natives who were desirous of supplying food to the expedition, and prevented the Zanzibaris from meeting those who were bringing them sustenance, thus causing that terrible mortality in the Aruwimi camp already described. It was lately pointed out that Mr. Stanley, on his return, could hardly pass over the charge made by Mr. Werner, that Tippoo Tib told the Manyema that if Barttelot did not treat them well they were to shoot him. All along, in the early days of the beginning of bad news from the Yambuya camp, my correspondence indicated not only distrust of Tippoo, but downright indications of his bad faith. This, however, was matter which it was not my business to discuss, but it was generally understood among those who knew anything of the subject that there were the gravest reasons for believing that Tippoo Tib was playing a treacherous game. Throughout the whole of Stanley's work in Central Africa one could always gather that he did not take Tippoo as his ally either for love or out of admiration for his achievements, but for the reason that he was absolutely necessary to the carrying out of Stanley's plans. On no other occasion, however, has he had such ground of complaint against the Arab chief as that which impeaches his honour in the matter of Stanley's arrangements for the rescue of Emin Pasha; and it is to be hoped that the axe is now at the tree of Tippoo's power.

The illustration of the expeditionary incidents which appears on another page arises out of Tippoo Tib's disloyalty to Stanley. The obstruction of supplies cost the camp at Yambuya many men, some of whom literally died from starvation; and, but for an occasional requisitioning among the outlying villages, conducted, it is said, more than once by Mr. Jameson, the mortality would have been much more serious. Food was obtained in this way on sundry occasions: where the supplies could not be paid for on the spot, goats and poultry were carried off on credit. If Tippoo Tib had natives shot for providing the camp with food, Mr. Jameson's foraging expeditions were not conducted without some danger. The bloodless victories of these fights for food helped the camp to live. How heroically the situation was borne was set forth in the *Illustrated London News* of Oct. 6, 1889, both pictorially and in letterpress. A drawing of one single figure engraved in the page of pictures was, alas! only typical of the state of the camp: it was the lean, starving portrait of one of the patient natives belonging to Barttelot's command. "Day after day passes," wrote Ward on Feb. 18, 1888. "We see no fresh faces, we hear no news. Many of our men are daily growing thinner and weaker, and are dying off. Poor wretches! They lie out in the sun, on the dusty ground, most of them with only a narrow strip of dirty loin-cloth; and all the livelong day they stare into vacancy, and at night gaze at a bit of fire. It was a pitiable sight a few days ago to see one emaciated skeleton crawl with the aid of a stick after a corpse that was being carried for interment. . . . Another poor fellow is a mass of bones, yet persists in doing his work, and every evening staggers into camp. He has been told to lay up, and that his manioc shall be provided for him, but he refuses; and, in reply to my sympathetic remark that he was very thin, he said, 'Yes; only a short time more, master.' Death is written on his face, and just as plainly in the faces of many others in the camp."

No further justification is needed for these occasional foraging expeditions. The adventurous requisitioners found it more difficult to get their booty home than to capture it. Driving goats and chickens through narrow jungle paths, with miles of gigantic reeds on either hand, into which the refractory beasts and birds would insist upon escaping, demanded for the foragers as much skill as patience. One need not be told with what satisfaction the supplies were received in camp by the starving garrison. A very different business this from the expeditions which the Arabs made into the dark world about the river. I have been at some pains in these notes to keep Ward's and my own work generally free from anything like definite charges of outrages against Arabs or Manyema, rather leaving even the murderous attack on the village recently illustrated to tell its own story than to be explained in detail; but on reference to a former contribution I find that Ward mentions a similar incident in very emphatic terms. On Feb. 4, 1888, he writes: "Jameson's third anniversary of his marriage. We were not able to do much in the celebration line. The Arabs started firing at early dawn, and then set on fire the village they attacked. It was a pretty if sad sight to see the place burning; I have sketched it for you. The Arabs killed eight men and brought in the head of one who must have been a fine fellow. Another head they lost—dropped into the river. The unhappy natives in hundreds took to their canoes, and made for up-stream, but are being slaughtered by the Arabs, who occupy an island in the midst of almost impassable rapids."

JOSEPH HATTON.

The Board of Trade returns for December show that the exports exceeded those of the corresponding period of the preceding year by £2,089,144, and the imports by £327,309. For the whole year the increase in exports, as compared with last year, was £14,249,325, and in imports £10,628,804.

Mr. Edward Henry Vizetelly, who commanded the *New York Herald* expedition, bearing stores and comforts, which met Mr. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and party, on their way down to the coast, has received from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, with his thanks and congratulations, two thousand pounds sterling, apart from salary and expenses, for the services he rendered on that occasion.

The annual distribution of certificates to the successful students of the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, was held on Jan. 11, when over 100 certificates in various branches of study were awarded. Mr. Mure, who presided said the progress made by the college during the year was eminently satisfactory. There had been an overflowing increase in the number of students, and the limits of the capacity of the college had been reached. The institution, therefore, was full of life and vigour.





MR. H. M. STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.—FORAGING FOR SUPPLIES FOR THE YAMBUYA CAMP,  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERBERT WARD, ONE OF THE EXPEDITION.





A VISIT FROM AN OLD FRIEND.



## THE OLD MASTERS.

## SECOND NOTICE.

The large gallery is impartially divided between the English and foreign schools, and, notwithstanding the exceptional interest of some of the works belonging to the latter, we have no reason to be ashamed of our countrymen. Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented by nine works, nearly all of life-size, of which the series opens with the portrait of Lord Carlisle (119), the poet and statesman, and first cousin once removed of Lord Byron (not his uncle, as unhesitatingly asserted in some notices). Lord Carlisle is here represented as quite a boy, and perhaps fails to convey that charm of manner and grace which endeared him to his friends from an early period of his life. He was the friend of Fox and George Selwyn and Lord Fitzwilliam, and started in life as a man of fashion, and very nearly ruined himself in gambling; but, like a statesman of our own days, having galloped (figuratively) to the edge of the precipice, he pulled up, and devoted his talents to the State. The portrait of his wife (122) is in Reynolds's best style, and gives the idea of a singularly fascinating woman, remembered by many still living as a very delightful talker, full of memories of the past. The Braddyll family (124), of which Reynolds had so often painted the individual members, is here brought together in one brilliant canvas—bearing witness to the artist's power of boldly facing bright contrasts of colour. Neither the Marquis Townshend (120) nor his more brilliant brother, Charles Townshend (128), seems to have stirred Reynolds to put out his full powers; but in the charming group of Lady St. Asaph and her child (158), although somewhat faded in parts, we recognise the genius of the great artist, and his delicate fancy is even more marked in the well-known portrait of Miss Morris—known under the title of "Hope Nursing Love" (155). If Gainsborough is only represented in this room by two life-size portraits—Lady Rodney (156), in a too self-conscious pose, and Mrs. Drummond (164)—his landscape of the "Market-Card" (163) again calls for our unqualified admiration—forming an admirable companion to Constable's "Dedham Lock" (159) in respect of colour and vigorous treatment. Romney has seldom been seen to better advantage than in the portrait of Mrs. Stables and her two daughters (154), lent by Mrs. Addison; although the figure of the child standing apart is scarcely up to the level of the other two. Mrs. Stables was one of the Suffolk family of Burbury; and her son, Colonel Stables, was killed at Waterloo, after a short but brilliant military career.

Before leaving the English pictures, we should call attention to a group of two children (127) by William Peters, the only Royal Academician in holy orders. He was born in Dublin, and was educated first under Lebrun, the French artist—whose influence is obvious in the present work—and afterwards under Reynolds. He was elected an Academician in 1771, but resigned his membership some few years afterwards, although he did not cease painting. In the first room there is also a portrait group (26) by a little-known artist, John H. Mortimer, of whom great things were at one time expected, and he even went so far as to run against Romney for the gold medal of the Society of Arts. He was one of the few artists—perhaps the only one—who was ever elected to an Associateship without having exhibited at the Royal Academy. His most successful work, "St. Paul Converting the Britons," is now in the church at Wycombe.

With regard to the foreign pictures, opinions will be divided between Rembrandt and Velasquez, both of whom appear in force this year. The portrait (152) said to be that of the theologian Cornelius Jansenius is a remarkable instance of Rembrandt's transparency of colour, and forms with the other two portraits from the same collection—Lord Ashburton's—a connecting link between that of the old man (151) painted in his earlier style and that of himself (145) which belongs to his later years. The latter portrait, however, has the advantage of having been less restored, and we are able to gather from it a truer idea of Rembrandt's richness and warmth of colour. Of the seven specimens of Velasquez's work, the superb portrait of Adrian Pulido Pareja (133), one of the Spanish conquerors of the New World, stands in quite the first place, showing the effect obtainable by a master hand with only a few colours, and these made, as it were, subordinate to the desire to depict character. The portrait of Maria of Austria (132), lent by Sir Clare Ford, shows another side of his art, in which he seems to prove that in any costume, however absurd, he can make a woman look stately. There are, in addition, four or five renderings of Don Balthazar Carlos, of which that lent by the Queen (137) is the most striking and in the least hackneyed pose. But the gem of the Velasquez series is his "Venus and Cupid" (135), in which one can trace the influence of Titian upon Velasquez, while recognising the individual characteristics of the master of Spanish art. Neither the "Good Shepherd" (131) nor the "Virgin and Child" (139) of Murillo reveals any fresh qualities or peculiarities. They are smooth and soft, and in this are in strong contrast with the work of Zurbaran—the Estramadura peasant—who, as Sir Frederick Leighton, in his presidential address, so well said, was in his art "all Spain." In the "St. Benedict" (130) and "St. Jerome" (140) lent by Lord Heytesbury, as in the three smaller saints (142-4) lent by the Duke of Sutherland, we have the one idea of stern fanaticism predominant. They are not saints at all in the sense Italian art would have depicted them, but Spanish priests, whose highest aim was a life of asceticism, and devotion to the Church. Zurbaran's works are always painted with the same broad brush—in coarse robes on which the light falls in patches; but they recall human beings, and make us understand the power the Spanish missionaries wielded in bygone days. There is another Spaniard, little known in this country, Juan Bautista del Mazo, who also claims a word of notice. His portrait of Maria of Austria (129) represents that lady when she had become a widow and Regent of Spain; and, although painted in a style which recalls Velasquez without his transparency, is not without merit. Mazo, indeed, was not only Velasquez's pupil, but his son-in-law, and there was a moment in his career when it was thought he was going to follow in the footsteps of his leader. He painted a very fine picture of the town of Saragossa, and was commissioned to paint the portrait of this same Maria before her arrival in Spain. This picture was publicly shown to the people of Madrid, and excited general admiration, but what has become of it is not known.

Returning once more to the Low Countries, mention should be made of Vandyck's superb portrait of Count John of Nassau Dillembourg (153), and the seated portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel (150), on both of which the artist has lavished unusual care, and almost too much to mere ornament. The clever group of "The Silversmiths' Guild" (149), by Thomas De Keyser, is, on the other hand, almost too sombre; but the heads (with perhaps the exception of the one in the back row on the extreme right) are painted with great force and directness. De Keyser is scarcely represented in our national collections, but at the Hague he enjoys well-deserved honour, as was shown by the number of his works exhibited at the loan exhibition there some few years ago.

The fourth room constitutes the distinctive feature of the

present exhibition; for in it are exhibited six-and-twenty full-length portraits lent by the Marquis Townshend and the Earl of Suffolk. Daniel Mytens is claimed as the artist of the series belonging to the latter nobleman, and the others are attributed to unknown Dutch artists; but in two instances, Lord Vere of Tilbury (177) and Lady Vere (178), the work is assigned to Michael Mirevelt and Cornelius Jansen respectively. Both series refer to members or companions of the "Fighting Veres," of whom the magnificent monument in Westminster Abbey attests the esteem in which they were regarded in Elizabeth's time. The head of this band, Sir Francis Vere—whom Elizabeth declared to be above a peerage—is not here; but his brother, Lord Vere, shows us the type of the family—which, however, comes out more strongly in the face and figure of his nephew, Sir Simon Harcourt (179). Of the soldiers who followed the fortunes of the Veres, and helped to establish the independence of the Netherlands, Sir Thomas Winne (184) and Sir Robert Carey (176) are the most striking figures; while, of the ladies, the Countess of Oxford (168) and her sister, the Countess of Stamford (170), bear away the palm.

In the water-colour room are to be seen the drawings and models of the sculptor Alfred Stevens, to whom we owe the best monument of modern times—that of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral, which, however, was only to be executed in a truncated form, ecclesiastical propriety forbidding the entry of a soldier on horseback within the cathedral. Stevens's designs for the spandrels of St. Paul's and for the decoration of the British Museum reading-room have not only intrinsic merit and beauty, but the interest which attaches to unrealised opportunity, of which our public buildings offer numerous examples.

## THE BOOKS OF 1889.

The figures for 1889 are not quite so large as those for 1888, but still, says the *Publisher's Circular*, they mark a production of between three and four hundred books more than we had to count up and classify in 1887. In other words, the statistics go to show that the past year has produced about one work per diem, Sundays included, more than the output of 1887. Comparing or contrasting the number of publications in 1889 with those of 1888, we find in theology a slight decline, both in new books and in new editions. In educational works, also, 1889 has fewer works to show than its predecessor. Books for young people, on the other hand, show a good increase. Of novels and stories there are noted no less than 1040 new books, besides 364 new editions. This gives the ardent novel-reader as many as three new novels for each week-day, with a balance to spare, and one new edition for every day. We have to note a slight decline in the class of political economy, also in that of arts and sciences; but, after all, many a book published in the New Year will be the product of this and preceding years' labours. In "Voyages and Travels," "History and Biography," and in "Poetry," the figures of 1889 are less than those of 1888. Here, again, it may be worth while to reflect that statistics do not convey everything—a Du Chaillu's "Viking Age" outweighs a whole theatre of others. And, while the show of books in poetry of 1889 is numerically less than that of 1888, it is greater than that of 1887 by about 50 new books and ten "new editions"—an excess of just 50 per cent. "Belles-lettres" may be pointed to as the only division of literature in which the number of new editions exceeds that of bona-fide new books. It will be readily understood that this exception is due to the numerous and continual reprints of the great classics, such as Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, &c.

## EMIGRATION OF CHILDREN TO CANADA.

A report has been prepared in Canada with reference to children sent to the Dominion under the auspices of the various philanthropic and benevolent institutions engaged in such work. In an arrangement with the Local Government Board the Dominion Government agreed that certain of these children should be inspected annually by its officers, and that the result of the examination should be transmitted to the Board. During the last few months over 500 children have been seen by the officials of the Government, a matter of some difficulty considering the distances that have to be traversed and the way in which the young people are scattered. The results upon the whole are satisfactory, the percentage of failures being remarkably small. In by far the majority of instances the children are reported to be in comfortable homes, well looked after, and well clothed. Many attend school, and most of those who do not receive instruction from their employers. The agent at Ottawa says: "I can fairly state that the general result of the work is encouraging in its character, and that great care was displayed in locating these children, as I found all of them, with only three exceptions, in comfortable homes and well cared and provided for. A great number are being educated in the day schools, and their religious duties are carefully attended to by those having charge of them." The Toronto agent is of the opinion that, "taking the inspection as a whole, the result has been pleasing and satisfactory, the children in almost every case being happy, contented, and well cared for, and in a fair way to become useful men and women." The tenor of the reports from Kingston and London is much the same, but the agent at Hamilton goes still further, and says that "in the whole of my inspection I have not met one undesirable home; the children are all comfortable and happy in their new homes, and I did not meet with a single case where a child wished to be returned." Most of the children are from ten to fourteen years of age, but some are slightly older and some younger. There are a few cases reported in which the children were not healthy, and should not have been sent out. It is understood, however, that in all future cases a medical certificate must accompany each little emigrant.

Colonel Williams has bought Brooksby Estate, in Leicester-shire, from Mr. Ernest Chaplin, for £57,000.

The Earl of Strathmore and Lord Saltoun have been elected representative peers in the House of Lords, in room of the late Earl of Leven and Melville and the late Earl of Orkney.

The Rev. F. A. Walker, D.D., F.L.S., who has recently returned from an exploring expedition to Iceland, read an account of his researches before a crowded meeting of the members of the Victoria Institute, and exhibited four series of numerous specimens of the botany, geology, entomology, and zoology of the island collected by him. A discussion ensued.

A striking tribute to the work of the missionaries in Central Africa and the staunchness of their converts is paid by Mr. Stanley, in a letter to Mr. A. L. Bruce, Dr. Livingstone's son-in-law. Of the powerful body of native Christians that has grown up in those distant regions he says: "They have endured the most deadly persecutions—the stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle-bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely."

## CLIFF-DWELLINGS IN NEW MEXICO.

In Southern Colorado, and throughout New Mexico and Arizona, numerous relics exist of a prehistoric race. Nearly every cañon and most of the intervening plateaus contain the proofs of a much earlier occupation by a people superior to the present natives. Reliable information is scanty. Traditions are few and vague. Conjectural hypotheses abound, but their intrinsic worth is small. It is impossible to determine how many generations—perhaps centuries—ago the people flourished who occupied the singular and almost inaccessible dwellings on the face of those lofty cliffs. Manifestly they were designed as refuges, and a defence against attack. Fierce predatory tribes came down from the north through the deep gorges and along the water-courses. These nomads were the precursors of the modern Utes, Apaches, Navajos, and other North American Indians, who were at perpetual war among themselves, and whose hand was against every man. They were analogous to the Scythians, the Goths, the Vandals, and other hordes from Northern Europe that overran, subjugated, and broke up the enfeebled Roman Empire.

To guard themselves from the sudden incursions of these bold savages, the cliff-dwellers erected watch-towers on commanding elevations. The remains still exist, their position and the dryness of the climate having kept them in a marvellous state of preservation. Incessant vigilance must have been required, but this, like their prolonged resistance, failed in the end. Whether the aborigines were exterminated, or whether a process of absorption took place, it is now impossible to determine. In some instances other dwellings, now regarded as ancient, were reared upon much older edifices; or the materials were used to construct others of a different kind. Long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, at a time when England and Europe were full of the excitement of the early Crusades, these distant and then unknown regions formed the home of a numerous race about whom history maintains impenetrable silence.

The traveller on that portion of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad near Española, or along the romantic branch to the mining region of Silverton, bordering the San Juan Valley, is in precincts where modern anthropologists delight to wander. Here and there, glimpses may be caught of ancient human cyries perched high up on the face of what appear to be inaccessible cliffs. It looks as if no animal except the sure-footed goat or the chamois could reach them. Leaving the line at Durango, a drive of twenty miles through magnificent scenery opens up a near view of one of the most celebrated groups of cliff-dwellings. The perpendicular buttress-like walls of the deep valley contract, and furnish an impenetrable natural castle. Access from above is impossible. From below there is a narrow zigzag path that conducts to some ledges high up the side.

On these ledges, partly clinging to the surface, partly built within shallow fissures of the rock, sometimes 700 feet, or more, above the ground, are the remains of the dwellings of the early denizens of the valley. They are usually of two storeys. They are built of the contiguous sandstone. Each block is about fourteen inches by six, carefully cut, and accurately fitted. The cement is now harder than the rock itself. On the ground floor—if that be not a misnomer when the building is half poised in air—are usually two or three rooms, from six to nine feet square, with partition walls of faced stone. The upper storey was originally divided from the lower by a wooden floor, portions of which are sometimes found, and also remains of the cedar beams over the doors and windows. The rooms are about six feet in height. They are roughly plastered, the colour being a dull red. No traces of stairways have been found, and the upper chambers must have been entered from without. The windows are square openings, with no appearance of shutters. They are so placed as to command a view of the valley.

Outside, on the rocky ledge, suitable little niches are built into slopes resembling modern cupboards. Water-reservoirs, holding two or three hogsheads, are formed in convenient angles and recesses. Sometimes the natural ledge is widened or strengthened by artificial means. In other cases an abutment of masonry is constructed on a smooth piece of rock at an acute angle. Many of these cliff-dwellings have never been entered within living memory, nor are they likely to be reached. In the slow trituration of time the ledges have crumbled away, or the narrow tracks leading to them have been covered. It is not easy, even with a powerful glass, to define some of these old habitations. The glare of the sunshine, the rarefaction of the atmosphere, and the identity of colour with the rocks, increase the difficulty caused by the altitude.

Such dwellings are invariably found with a full eastern aspect, so as to catch the first beams of the morning sun. Small stone implements have been found in them, with a number of flint arrow-heads, and specimens of rough indented pottery. With rude and simple appliances these rock-bricks were hewn and dressed. When the wood fires blackened the interiors the walls were freshened by repeated applications of clay, moistened to the proper consistency and spread with the hands. The impressions are seen everywhere. Some of them look so fresh as to give the buildings the appearance of having been just completed or vacated. Hieroglyphics are scratched on the walls and on the rocks, but a key to this picture-language has not yet been found.

Above the massive living walls that shut in the profound valleys, and on the face of which these cliff-dwellers found an abode, is a green tableland, stretching over hundreds of square miles, and intersected by deep clefts or cañons, through which the drainage of the uplands finds its way to the San Juan. Anyone who has ascended Great Gable from the Sty Head Pass, and walked to Buttermere, in the English Lake District, will have seen, though only in miniature and by way of fragmentary suggestion, the magnificent panorama that greets the astonished and delighted traveller on the lofty tablelands of Colorado. As far as the eye can reach there are rocky undulations and billows surrounded by majestic peaks that rear their awful forms far above the clouds. The description of the cliff-dwellings applies also to immense tracts of territory in New Mexico and in Arizona, accessible by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. Perhaps with extended investigation and comparison some definite knowledge will be obtained of the people who occupied these ancient abodes.

W. H. S. A.

Chief Baron Palles has been appointed by the Crown to fill the vacancy in the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland caused by the death of the Earl of Granard.

The Drapers' Company have sent to the Fruiterers' Company £105 towards the fund initiated by Sir James Whitehead, the late Lord Mayor, who is the Master of the Guild, for the promotion of fruit culture in homesteads and cottage gardens.

Mr. E. Kennedy (a Parnellite), who has filled the office of High Sheriff of Dublin, succeeds Mr. Sexton, M.P., as Lord Mayor of Dublin; and Alderman Daniel Horgan (Nationalist) has been installed as Mayor of Cork, Dr. Tanner, M.P., having declined to accept the office.



## OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT TEMPLETOWN, G.C.B.

The Right Hon. George Frederick, third Viscount Templetown, a Representative Peer for Ireland, Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, and Colonel-Commandant 2nd Battalion 60th Foot, died at San Remo on Jan. 4. He was born Aug. 5, 1802, the second son of John Henry, first Viscount Templetown, by Mary, his wife, only daughter of the fifth Earl of Sandwich, and succeeded to the peerage at the death of his elder brother, March 28, 1863. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and, adopting the military service, gained distinction in it. He was successively Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel Coldstream Guards, Major-General and Colonel-Commandant 60th Rifles, and retired in 1877. He served in the Crimean campaign, was wounded, and mentioned in despatches. He sat in the House of Commons as member for the county of Antrim 1859 to 1863. His Lordship married, Feb. 6, 1850, Susan, eldest daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford, G.C.B., but leaves no issue, the peerage devolving on his nephew, Henry Edward Montagu Dorington Clotworthy Upton, now fourth Viscount Templetown. The late Peer was a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, an officer of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of the Medjidieh.

SIR PAUL HUNTER, BART.

Sir Claudius Stephen Paul Hunter, second Baronet, died suddenly on Jan. 7, at his seat, Mortimer Hill, near Reading. He was born Sept. 21, 1825, the only son of the late Mr. John Hunter, of the East Indian Civil Service, by Sarah, his first wife, daughter of Mr. W. N. W. Hewett of Bilham, Yorkshire, and was grandson of Alderman Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, D.C.L., Lord Mayor of London, 1811-12, who was created a Baronet in the latter year. He was educated at Eton and at St. John's College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1847, and was formerly honorary Colonel Volunteer Battalion Berkshire Regiment. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Berks, and served the office of High Sheriff for that county in 1860. He married, Feb. 17, 1852, Constance, younger daughter of Mr. William George Ives Bosanquet, and leaves, with a daughter, an only surviving son, now Sir Charles Roderick Hunter, third Baronet, who was born July 6, 1858, and married, July 27, 1887, Agnes Lillie, eldest daughter of Mr. Adam Kennard of Crawley Court, Hants, and has a son, Ronald, born in 1888. The present Baronet is Captain 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, and was lately Aide-de-Camp to the Lieutenant-General commanding in Canada.

SIR EDWARD SLADEN.

Colonel Sir Edward Bosc Sladen, late of the Madras Staff Corps, and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, died of pneumonia, after a few days' illness, at his residence, 30, Lowndes-square, S.W., on Jan. 4. He was born in 1831, the fourth son of the late Mr. Ramsay Sladen, Physician-General Madras Army, by Emma, his second wife, daughter of Colonel Paul Bosc, Commissioner in Mysore, and was educated at Shrewsbury. He entered the Army in 1849, and rose to the rank of Colonel in 1880. He served in the Burmese War in 1852-3, in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, the capture of Lucknow and the Oude Campaign 1858, as Brigade Quartermaster to Sir A. Horsford at Guntampore, Goomte, and Daoodpore, and with the Burmese Expedition in 1885-6 as chief political officer with the force. He received the thanks of the Government of India, was several times mentioned in despatches, and obtained two medals with three clasps. The Order of Knighthood was conferred on him in 1886. The deceased officer married, first, in 1861, Sophia Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Pryce Harrison, C.S.I., late Comptroller-General of Accounts for India, which lady died in 1865, and secondly, in 1880, Katherine Jane, elder daughter of Mr. Robert Russell Carew of Carpenter's Park, Herts.

SIR BARTHOLOMEW SULIVAN, K.C.B.

Admiral Sir Bartholomew James Sullivan, K.C.B., died at Bournemouth on Jan. 1. He was born in 1810, the son of the late Rear-Admiral Thomas Ball Sullivan, C.B.; was educated at the Royal Naval College, and entered the Royal Navy in 1824. He became Lieutenant in 1830, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1877. In 1854-5 he served as senior Surveying Officer to the Baltic Fleet, and took part in the operations at Bomarsund and Sweaborg. From 1856 to 1864 he was Naval Officer to the Board of Trade. He married, in 1837, Sophia, daughter of Vice-Admiral James Young.

MR. ARMSTRONG OF BAL IVER.

Mr. William Bigoe Armstrong of Bal Iver, in the King's County, treasurer of that county, died of inflammation of the lungs on Jan. 8, at his residence, 60, Erith-road, West Kensington. He was born in 1839, the only son of the late Mr. James Ferrier Armstrong of Bal Iver, by Honoria, his wife, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Fleming of Stoneham Park, Hants, M.P. for the southern division of that county. He married April 4, 1866, Anna Maria de Courcy, second daughter of Mr. James Freeman Hughes of The Grove, in the county of Dublin, but leaves no issue.

MR. LEATHER OF LEVENTHORPE HALL.

Mr. Frederick John Leather, J.P., of Middleton Hall, Northumberland, and Leventhorpe Hall, Yorkshire, died on Jan. 7. This gentleman, a considerable landed proprietor in the North of England, was born Nov. 21, 1835, son and heir of the late Mr. John Towlerton Leather of Leventhorpe and Middleton, F.S.A., J.P., and D.L., High Sheriff, 1875. He married, July 8, 1863, Gertrude Elizabeth Sophia, daughter of the Rev. Charles Walters, M.A.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major Kenneth Mackay, late of Keiss Castle, Caithness, on Jan. 10, aged seventy-one.

Mr. Oswald Livingstone, the last surviving son of Dr. Livingstone, the great traveller.

Mr. Frederick Ewan Bushby, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, on Jan. 5, in his ninety-fifth year. He was one of the oldest members of Cambridge University.

Mr. Peter Richard Skerrett of Athgoe Park, in the county of Dublin, and of Ballinduff Castle, in the county of Galway, on Jan. 8, at Vesey Place, Kingstown, aged seventy-six.

Mr. George Moore, M.D., of Hertford-street, Mayfair, after a short illness, on Jan. 8, aged fifty-six. A fortnight ago, in the course of his professional duties, he caught a severe chill, which rapidly developed into inflammation of the lungs. The

Princess of Wales, whom he attended for twenty years, has expressed her deep sympathy with his family, and great personal regret.

The Rev. Caleb Whiteford, M.A., for forty-seven years Rector of Whitton, in the county of Salop, on Jan. 5. He was the eldest son of the art patron of the same name.

Lady Call (Laura Emma), daughter of Mr. Charles Wright Gardiner of Coombe Lodge, Oxfordshire, and widow of Sir William Berkeley Call, Bart., married April 14, 1841, died on Dec. 29.

Mr. Philip Whittington Jacob, J.P., one of the sub-editors of Dr. Murray's new "English Dictionary," after a comparatively short illness, at Guildford, in his eighty-fifth year. He was one of the most eminent linguists of the present day.

Mr. Patrick Cumlin, C.B., Chief Secretary of the Education Department, on Jan. 11. Though he had been suffering from heart disease and other complications, Mr. Cumlin kept to his work to the last.

Colonel John Sidney Hand, C.B., late 82nd and 44th Regiments, on Jan. 2, aged fifty-six, at Norwood; a Crimean officer, medal with clasp for Sebastopol; served during the Indian Mutiny at Lucknow and Cawnpore, in China War of 1860, and in Abyssinia. Made C.B. in 1887.

Dr. W. L. Fischer, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrews, on Jan. 8, after a few days' illness from bronchitis. He was upwards of eighty years of age, and had been connected with the University of St. Andrews since 1847.

Mr. Herbert Astley Paston-Cooper, seventh son of Sir Astley Paston-Cooper, second Baronet, on Jan. 5, at his residence, The Friarage, Aylesbury, aged fifty-three. He married, in 1863, a daughter of the late Rev. James Joseph Goodall of Dinton Hall, Aylesbury.

Colonel Hamlet Coote Wade-Dalton, C.B., at Hauxwell Hall, near Richmond, Yorkshire, aged eighty. The Colonel took part with distinction in the Afghan campaigns of 1838-42. In 1855 he succeeded the Duke of Leeds in command of the North Yorkshire Militia. As a country gentleman and enthusiastic sportsman he was widely known.

The Hon. Cecilia Maria, only daughter of William, first Lord Heytesbury, G.C.B., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1844-6, and wife of the Hon. Robert Daly, fifth son of the first Lord Dunsandle, on Dec. 25, aged seventy-eight. She was married, Dec. 27, 1845, and leaves surviving issue, two sons and three daughters.

Lady Pouncefort Duncombe (Sophia Caroline), wife of Sir Philip Duncombe Pouncefort Duncombe, Bart., of Great Brickhill Manor, Bucks, and youngest daughter of the late Colonel T. P. Maunsell of Thorpe Malsor, in the county of Northampton, on Dec. 30, aged sixty-seven. She leaves one son, Henry Philip, and three daughters.

The Rev. Robert Phelps, D.D., who had been Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, since 1843, expired at his house on Jan. 11, after a short illness, in his eighty-fifth year. He entered the University as a scholar of Trinity, and after graduating as fifth wrangler, in 1833, was appointed a Fellow. Ten years later he was elected master of Sidney Sussex College on the death of Dr. Chafy.

## RENT AUDITS.

Mr. Gladstone attended the rent-audit dinner of the Hawarden tenants on Jan. 9. In acknowledging the toast of his health, he adverted to the depression which fell upon agriculture after the first benefits derived from Free Trade. In that district the depression was less felt than in some places, chiefly, he believed, because there was on the Hawarden estate a great mixture of holdings of all classes. The question of the relation between landlord and tenant had been solved there by reasonable feeling and conduct on both sides. He did not believe in the nationalisation of the land, because he could not understand in what way the State could be a good and capable landlord. It would be a good thing if every farmer owned the soil he cultivated; but for all practical purposes he considered the most wholesome system was that in which the soil was owned by one set of men, and cultivated by another. He entertained a strong conviction that in agricultural matters we were moving towards an improved state of things.—Lord Derby, at his rent audit, announced to the tenants on his Knowsley (Lancashire) estate a remission of 20 per cent. The rents on the Knowsley estate have for a long time been very low, and they have continued so, notwithstanding all the fluctuations which have occurred elsewhere. Lately, however, the enormous competition from abroad has told even upon the low rental of the Knowsley estate, and it seems to be a fact beyond doubt that American grain, for instance, can be brought into Liverpool and sold at a price which keenly competes with produce grown at our very doors. Lord Derby briefly alluded to this competition, but spoke hopefully of the future. His Lordship, who was accompanied by the Countess, was loudly applauded by the assembled tenants. The reduction stands as 10 per cent off the half-year just past, and ten for the coming half-year.—The Duke of Westminster has granted an abatement of 25 per cent in the rents of his Welsh agricultural tenantry.—Lord Mostyn, the Earl of Denbigh, and Sir George Cayley, Bart., have given their tithe payers a reduction of 10 per cent.

The long-pending dispute as to the earldom of Caithness has been settled, the Edinburgh Sheriff of Chancery deciding that the earldom should fall to James Augustus Sinclair, banker, Aberdeen. The estates were not entailed, and they were bequeathed away from the title by the late Earl, who died last May.

The Naval and Military Exhibition, held in the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, for over six months, was formally closed on Jan. 4. There is a deficit of £200 or £300, so that the guarantee fund will be called upon. The exhibition was visited by 50,000 people.

The statue of Sir Rowland Hill, which stands by the Royal Exchange, was adorned with evergreens on Jan. 10 in celebration of the jubilee of the penny post. The statue at Kidderminster, the birthplace of the postal reformer, was also decorated with a floral wreath, provided by the Mayor, and the flag was hoisted at the Townhall.—The dinner to celebrate the jubilee of the penny postage was not held on that day, as was wished, but on the 15th, when the Postmaster-General took the chair in the Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant.

During December the Fishmongers' Company seized 14 tons of fish at Billingsgate Market as unfit for human food. Of this 13 tons were wet fish, and 1 ton shellfish. In December the total delivery of fish at Billingsgate was 12,017 tons, of which 9003 tons came by land and 3014 tons by water. The fish seized included cockles, cod, dorecs, conger eels, haddocks, Norway herrings (5 tons), lobsters, mussels, oysters, periwinkles, shrimps, skate (2 tons), smelts, sprats (2 tons), whelks, and whiting. At Shadwell Market, out of a total delivery in December of 1211 tons, the fish seized only weighed 1 cwt. The ratio of fish seized to that delivered at Billingsgate was 1 ton in 846.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The influenza epidemic has been playing havoc with the theatres, and literally decimating the dramatic ranks. Many have borne the blow in silence; many have collapsed; a few plucky ones have returned. Prominent among these last is Mrs. Bernard-Beere, without whom, as everyone knows, the "Tosca" in English is impossible. Miss Olga Netherole doubtless did her best, and helped her manager at an unfortunate moment; but it is still an admitted fact that the public would no more go to see the "Tosca" without Mrs. Beere than they would hurry to see "The Dead Heart" if, unhappily, Mr. Henry Irving were on the sick-list. Stars are stars, all the world over. There may be a dozen changes in "Sweet Lavender" or even "A Man's Shadow," but once let Henry Irving, or Ellen Terry, or Mrs. Beere go out of the bill, and success is written off with a far uglier word. That is the worst of star plays and star actors; but it has ever been so. The return of Mrs. Bernard-Beere to the Garrick has once more quickened up the business, and tempted playgoers away from the processional pantomimes.

Meanwhile, a few notes of what is going on may not be without interest. Mr. Thomas Thorne and Mr. Robert Buchanan both being *hors de combat* it has been impossible to go on rehearsing the new dramatic version of "Clarissa Harlowe," which was almost ready for production. So, as a stop-gap, the old "School for Scandal" has been put up at the Vandeville. Mr. Thorne is notoriously a lucky man, and before now I have known such stop-gaps to run out a whole season. There has been a surprise also at the Criterion. Albery's "Forgiven"—which was never, to my mind, a good play, and certainly not worth reviving—was almost ready for production, but suddenly a message came from Mr. Charles Wyndham to stop all rehearsals and to put up, instead of Albery's revived play, H. J. Byron's capital comedy "Cyril's Success." The fact of the matter is that Mr. Charles Wyndham is suffering from a sudden attack of home sickness, and it would surprise no one to find him back at the Criterion far sooner than anyone imagined. "Cyril's Success" cannot possibly be produced for several weeks, and so, presumably, "Caste" has taken a new lease of life.

The return of Miss Violet Cameron to her Majesty's—or rather the occasion of her taking up a part in the brilliant pantomime originally written for her—has added a new interest to "Cinderella." For with Miss Violet Cameron come new songs, and with the new songs fresh interest. The complaint of the majority of these actors, actresses, and singers in pantomime is not that they are ill-paid but that they have literally nothing to do. They parade the stage like the frozen-out gardeners in snow time and sing, "We've got no work to do!" They look imploringly at Mr. Charles Harris, mounted on his stool at the prompt side. But he waves his white flag, rings his gong, and goes on with his processions. But, thank goodness! the processional mania is doomed. This aimless, pointless, purposeless, unscientific, inartistic mass of extravagance that has ruined burlesque after burlesque will have its quietus after this year. "Cinderella" has given us the last straw. An extra one would have broken the camel's back.

Covent-Garden has got one of the very best circuses that London has ever seen. The material in the ring is first-class, the artists are exceptionally good, the riders understand their business, the clowns are really funny, the building and the seats are warm and comfortable, and then, of course, there is the lion that roars, shows his teeth, pats the boarder, rides the pretty little Arab horse, and makes the little children laugh for joy. I have been all over London to try and hear that delightful scream of the delighted child. I began to think that there were no more children left. In the old pantomime days the theatre used to echo with the shrill shriek of the excited child. I can remember the Flexmore days, at the old Princess's, when the clown went to bed in a four-poster, and all the curtains and window-hangings turned into ghosts. But the processional craze has kicked out the old clown, banished the red-hot poker, abolished the buttered slide, cast away the purloined sausages, made "Hot Coddins" very cold indeed, and cornered "Tipiti-witchet." How the poor children must suffer! They stare, but they do not laugh. They sigh, but they do not scream. Oh, dear me! that delightful child's laugh that made us young again when we were beginning to feel—well, no longer children, how wearily I have sought it! I could not find it at Olympia in that wilderness, I could not hear a sound of it in the Haymarket or Leicester-square; but I found it at the Covent-Garden Circus, when the clown sat down by the side of a harmless-looking individual in the front seats, deliberately assaulted him, sat upon his hat, tore him to pieces, limbed him, and eventually squashed him as flat as a pancake. Then it was that the children shook the house with laughter. The very essence of all fun—to the children—is comical cruelty. I am sometimes thought a maniac when I state my firm conviction that the old comic scenes of a pantomime would pay. Such scenes as the Paynes used to give us at Covent-Garden—good old pantomime fun, not music-hall tumbling. Well, strange to say, the fun has come back to Covent-Garden again with the aid of good clowning; but not in a pantomime—in a circus! C. S.

Professor Rücker delivered the last of his course of Royal Institution lectures on electricity, adapted to a juvenile auditory, on Jan. 9. This lecture was devoted to the subject of the application of electricity to motion, or the transference of energy from one place to another. By means of experiments he showed how pendulums could be made to swing by a current, which, if no work were done, would produce heat. Whenever they had motion they were using energy somewhere else. He also illustrated the molecular motion, or heat, caused by the chemical action of zinc and sulphuric acid. From this the lecturer went on to explain the principles of various models of electric motors which had been lent from the Yorkshire College at Leeds, and to show the models in action. Then he described a motor actuating a small electric railway fitted up in the room, and this also came from the Yorkshire College. In this model an express train followed a slow train, but by an ingenious arrangement of working the line in sections, and of causing the slow train to leave the section behind it without a current, the express was always stopped when it came within a dangerous distance of the slow train, and could not run into it. It was not stated how this would in practice prevent an accident if the express were rushing down an incline. Another model which also excited great interest when set to work was one of Messrs. Ayrton and Perry's Telfer railway, in which a wheel travels along a rail, and the trucks are suspended from the wheel. On such a railway, Professor Rücker said, some of his young auditors might one day ride. In conclusion, he expressed his obligations to the gentlemen from whom he had received assistance of various kinds, and assured the younger persons present that, if they should take up the study of science and endeavour to wrest some of Nature's secrets from her, he could not promise them that they would find it easy work, but he was quite certain that they would never regret the days and nights thus spent.



## A RIDE ACROSS AUSTRALIA.

### THE NEVER-NEVER LAND.

We continue the publication of the series of Sketches by Mr. A. J. Vogan, a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia, whose explorations of the remoter parts of Northern Queensland, and his examinations of the physical features of some districts of New Zealand, and of other portions of the Australasian region of the globe, have obtained colonial notice. Mr. Vogan, in the interval between his more important exploring expeditions, paid a visit to the central interior of Australia, more than a thousand miles inland, the farthest back country of Queensland to the westward; this was formerly often called "the Never-Never Land," with a grimly humorous allusion to the proverbial burden of a rude colonial song, "You know, if ever you go there—You never, never will come back!" That was the popular opinion twenty or thirty years ago; but some of the largest and most flourishing pastoral stations are now located far beyond the Cooper River, which in its upper course is also named the Barcoo, in the counties of Gregory and South Gregory, where the large river just mentioned, which has numerous tributaries, flows south-west in the direction of Lake Eyre. Above this territory, which seems to be the watershed of the great island-continent, between the 140th and 143rd degrees of longitude East and in latitude 24 deg. to 26 deg. South, all the streams flow northward to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The Cooper River, lower down, enters a hideous stony desert; and the ill-fated exploring party of Burke and Wills, in 1861, came to grief in that part of Australia.

From Bourke, on the Darling River, the terminus of the railway line, five hundred miles from Sydney, Mr. Vogan travelled on horseback, with a returning party of cattle-drovers, a journey of six weeks; crossing the boundary from New South Wales to Queensland at the Paroo River, in the township of Hungerford; thence going on to Thargomindah, on the Bulloo, and over the Cooper River, to Windora and to Canterbury; and farther, to the Diamantina, passing the Morney, Monteiro, and St. Albyn's stations; crossing the land of the sandhills to the junction of Herbert's Creek with King's Creek, at Cluny station, he arrived at Sandringham, one of the most interesting runs in Australia. Sandringham, nine hundred miles from the railway terminus at Bourke, is situated in latitude 24 deg. S., longitude 139 deg. E., in the Queensland township of Bidura, where a small hotel and a store have been erected on the bank of the Herbert River. As this is a model station in its way, and as its general character and mode of management are similar to others of the larger runs of the "Never-Never Land," Mr. Vogan writes a particular description:—

"The three thousand square miles embraced within the boundaries of the run present some especially curious natural features. Among these are mud-springs of various kinds and dimensions. The sandhill country, already described, shares with the large, richly herbage, clay-soil plains, in covering the whole of the great leasehold, or, rather, collection of leaseholds, forming the run. In wet seasons numerous creeks and rivers, lakes and water-holes appear, which vanish after a few months' dry, hot weather. All the water-courses empty themselves,

sooner or later, into one great depression, in the south-west corner of the run, shown on maps of Australia as Lake Philippi, which is nearly a hundred miles in circumference after a long wet season. Some water-holes dry up very much faster than others, and Lake Philippi lasts without rain for about two years; but, when I saw it, it had nothing within its great basin save a few duck-haunted puddles. One of my sketches shows a characteristic water-hole, into which no fresh supply of rain had fallen for twelve months or more. It is called Bindiakka, and is on the Sylvester Creek—the latter named after the first man who ventured to 'take up' the country in 1875, one Sylvester Brown. But, in addition to numerous permanent water-holes which will hold out three years without rain, there are the mud-springs. One of these I discovered myself some fifteen miles from the old head station of Bindiakka, on the water-hole already mentioned. It is a great dome of mud—grey, reddish grey, ochreous yellow, white, and dark grey: these varying colours of the walls of the spring are due to the presence of more or less iron, ochre, and gypsum (sulphate of lime). When in action, the water oozes out of the top of the dome. The spring represented in my sketch is situated on an immense 'clay-pan,' or clay-covered barren flat, close to some cliffs composed of the debris of volcanic ejecta, brought down and deposited, most probably, when the sea covered this part of Australia. Many of these springs occur, especially in the northern portions of the run; in fact, there is a chain of them, mostly on the banks of dry water-courses, with a 'strike,' to use a miner's term, when mentioning the line or direction of a reef, from north-east to south-west.

"Mr. G. Field, the managing partner, has been very successful in boring for artesian water near some of these springs. My sketch shows one of the most successful of these, giving 150,000 gallons of water per day through a six-inch pipe, from a depth of 160 ft. The ground is covered with pieces of highly silicified sandstone, through which a trench has been dug to a neighbouring creek; the surrounding land consists of an undulating stony country, sparsely covered with spinifex, Mitchell, 'blue,' and other grasses. Around the water-holes numerous wildfowl collect. My sketches of the Brenda (native name) water-hole on the Parawichela creek, with its mud-banks, and background of sandhill, sparsely covered with the sharp-pointed spinifex grass; and of the Matai hole, with its congregation of cockatoos, pelicans, duck of various sorts, ibis, native companions, shags, and flock-pigeons, will give a good idea of the appearance of these valuable portions of the run.

"The station-house is a long, low building, framed in rough timber, and bound together with walls of mud. A thatched roof, which is carried over the wall-plates, so as to form a verandah all round, and perhaps a real glass window or two, complete its external form. Inside you find mud-walls dividing the building, halfway to the roof, into several apartments. One is the store, where the flour and other necessities of life are kept, and where most things wanted on a station, from a needle to a saddle, are to be found; the office and spare guest-chamber occupy another room; a general smoking- and card-room, where the 'boss,' or manager, sees anyone who

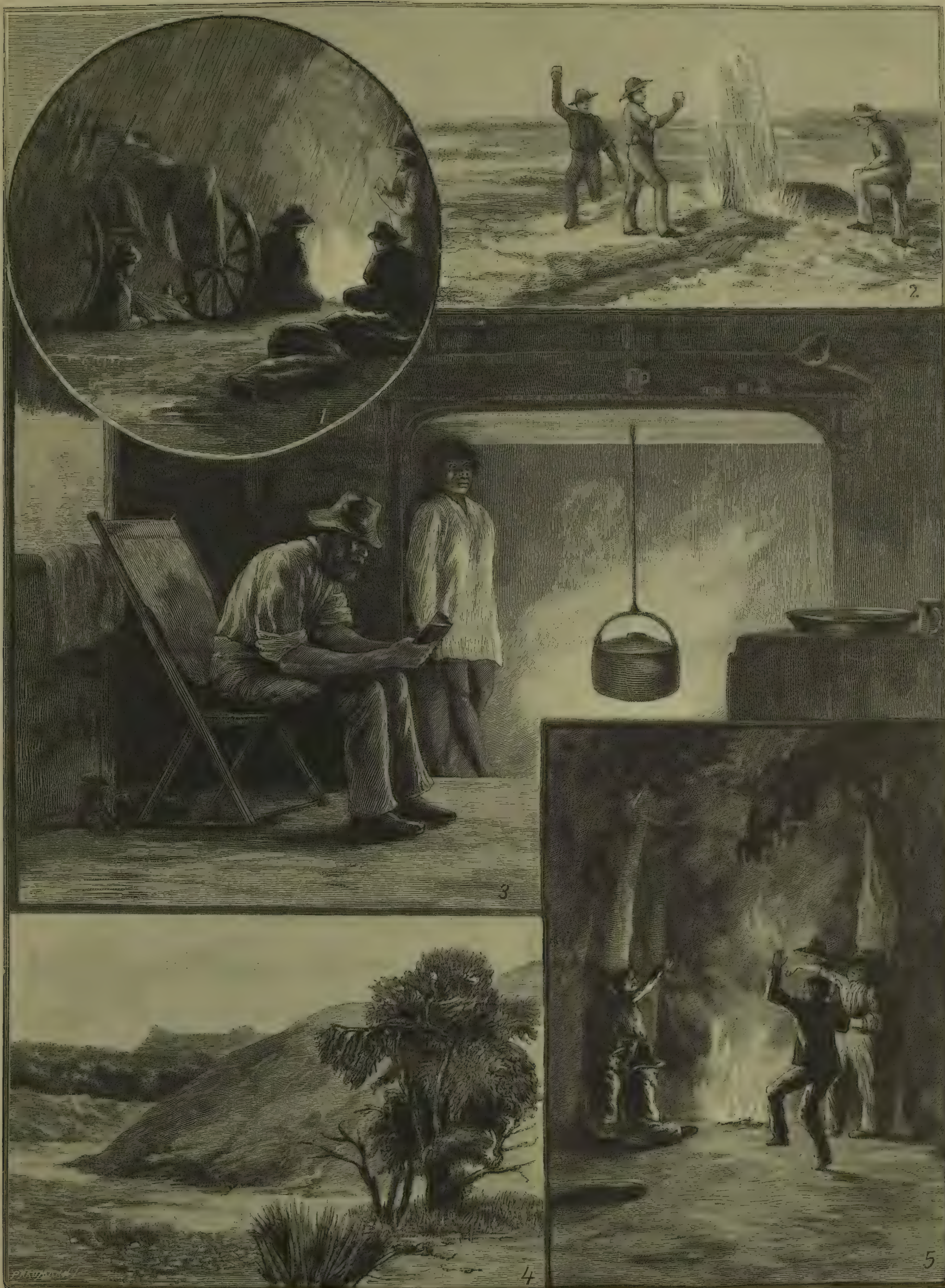


THE LADY'S PET —



BUT THE BURGLAR'S DREAD.





1. Our Camp on a Rainy Night. 2. Drinking the Health of the Bore: First Successful Tapping. 3. Interior of an Out-station. 4. Mud-spring on the Border of the Desert. 5. Our Boys Playing at Bingeroo.

A RIDE ACROSS AUSTRALIA.—SKETCHES BY MR. A. J. VOGAN.



calls on him, 'does his books,' gives his station-hands their cheques, and entertains any friends who may be at the station with whisky, talk, and tobacco. An out-station is not so elegant, and no grape-vine has been trained to decorate the house, as in my sketch of Sandringham head station. In front of the office before mentioned stands 'the squatter's altar,' the rain-gauge, of which I have sent you a sketch. A fall of over nine inches of rain is a fairly good season in the Never-Never land.

"All the work of the house, save that important part entrusted to Charley, the Chinaman, who serves as cook, is done by native house-girls, generally called 'gins.' Some of these girls—well fed and decently dressed—are as pretty as could be seen in any country. I cannot exactly describe the position they occupy in an establishment where all are bachelors, for there are no wives in the Never-Never country. Near the station-house is the men's quarters, in one building, the cook-house being in another; the harness-room, the meat-shed, and cart-shed forming perhaps a third building. At a couple of hundred yards' distance is the 'black camp,' belonging to the station blacks. The dwellings of these 'boys' and their relatives are just the same as those at the 'Warragals' camp (the wild, or non-station 'hands' village), half a mile off. The huts are five or six feet high, built of boughs, one end of which is stuck in the ground and the other bent over to meet similar ones opposite. The basket-work mansion is plastered over with sand, mud, odds and ends of blankets, old mats, fragments of clothes, and suchlike. An opening facing north is left on one side. The squatter has certain of his 'boys' well practised in using the Snider rifle, and these are dressed in some fanciful uniform—generally blue with red facings, white duck trousers, and white peaked cap. It is only where the wild natives are troublesome, and will spear the cattle, that these 'boys' are called into action. The 'boys' and house-girls receive a nominal wage of five shillings, but this is in reality never paid, as boots and clothes, of which they are very careless, never last long, and are debited to them by the squatter who supplies them.

"Having referred to the natives and their habits, I will here call attention to the sketch showing our 'boys' at the curious fire-side game of 'Bingeroo.' The fun consists in making the leaves of a species of eucalyptus twirl round and rise in the air, over a roaring fire. The leaves are heated, moulded with the fingers to resemble a boat, and, being held over the fire, with their concave side downwards, are given a twirl between the first and second fingers. The ascending current of air carries them, twirling like Archimedean screw ventilators, some twenty or thirty feet high, according to the size of the fire. Up and down, the little leaf-boats swoop and tower, whirling away swiftly, while these childish men shriek with delight, jump and jabber, and, if I could only make out what they say, are doubtless laying heavy odds against their rivals' whirling treasures. These leaves, when twirled over a hot, large fire, on a still night, will mount fifty feet in the air, and keep going from three to five minutes."

## MUSIC.

London music is, as yet, chiefly supported by the Popular Concerts and Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, all at St. James's Hall. The earliest of this year's Popular Concerts took place on the afternoon of Jan. 11 and the evening of Jan. 13. On the first of these occasions, Beethoven's Septet, for stringed and wind instruments, was the chief feature of the programme, the executants having been Madame Néruda and MM. Straus, Lazarus, Paersoh, Wotton, Piatti, and Reynolds. Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, was neatly played by Sir Charles Hallé, and vocal pieces were contributed by Mr. Hirven Jones, in lieu of Miss L. Lehmann, disabled by influenza. At the evening concert of the following Monday Schubert's Octet—for a combination of instruments similar to that of Beethoven's Septet—was the specialty of the selection. Each work is a masterpiece, unrivalled in its kind, that no number of repetitions can render too familiar.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts were, as already recorded, resumed on Jan. 4 with a morning performance. This was followed by the first evening concert of the year, at which the attractions were of the usual varied and popular character.

The annual conference of the "National Society of Professional Musicians" was recently held at Bristol. The association was founded, in Lancashire, some eight years ago, by leading teachers of the county, with a view to providing members of the profession with a national organisation similar to that possessed by other professional bodies—membership of that now referred to furnishing a means of distinguishing between qualified and unqualified teachers. The association now numbers over five hundred members, for whose musical competency it vouches. The recent meeting was presided over by Mr. C. E. Stephens (in the absence of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie) and Dr. Longhurst. Addresses on several musical topics of interest were delivered by Dr. Longhurst, Mr. J. S. Curwen, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. E. Prout, and performances were given of works composed by members.

Another musical celebrity has been removed, his death closely following that of Señor Gayarré. Giorgio Ronconi—one of the most celebrated baritones that have ever appeared in opera—died at Madrid on Jan. 8. He was born at Milan in 1810, and made his stage début at the age of about twenty-one. His powers as an actor were rapidly developed; indeed, it was in this respect chiefly that his great reputation was earned, his vocalisation having been far from perfect. His versatility was extraordinary, as exemplified by his excellence alike in characters of a comic, even farcical, kind, and in others of intense tragedy. His performances, during many seasons, at our great opera houses in the Haymarket and Covent-garden must be remembered by many. His rich humour as Dr. Dulcamara, Don Pasquale, Leporello, the Podesta (in "La Gazza Ladra"), and his grand tragic passion as Rigoletto; as De Chevreuse in "Maria di Rohan," and the Doge in "I Due Foscari"—not to mention many other parts—displayed qualities rarely, if ever, united in the same individual.

"Elsie" (waltz) and "Christina" (valse espagnole) are two pleasing pieces in dance form by D. Godfrey jun., whose name is well known in association with music of this class. The first-named waltz is melodious and graceful in style; the other is of a more sprightly kind, with a touch of national character. "In the Starlight" is the title of a melodious song by the same composer. The music has some analogy with that of the "Elsie" waltz. These pieces are published by Francis Brothers and Day.

Mr. William Meigh Goodman, Chief Justice of British Honduras, has been appointed Attorney-General for the Colony of Hong Kong.

The Duc d'Aumale has bought of Lord Carlisle 300 French portraits of famous personages in the reigns of Francis I. and Henri II. Some are by Clouet, of whose works the Duke already had a rich collection.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. H. (Sunderland).—We are sorry we cannot answer by post. Our replies are—1. Mr. Staunton died in June, 1874, aged sixty-five.—2. Morphy.—3. In 1836, during his match with Horwitz, he was late often heard him disparage it. No copy can now be had, nor do we know of any other portrait engraved or otherwise. CARSLAR W. WOOD.—Many thanks. The game shall appear in due course. Want of space compels us to condense your communication. G. ADAMS.—Very acceptable. R. WORTERS, COLUMBUS, and others are informed that in Problem No. 2347 the Pawn at White's Q 3rd is a black one, and only appears white in a few copies owing to a little flaw in the printing. MISH-NISH (Rothsay).—Your mistake is in making Black have no other move than K takes B. He can play P takes P, after which you will find no mate next move. T. G. W. (Newport).—The position is one requiring careful analysis, so we will reserve our judgment for a little. W. H. K. POLLOCK.—Many thanks. Will write shortly. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2378 and 2380 received from J. Rosenweiz (Lamp Colony); of No. 2385 from Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine and G. W. Lines; of No. 2386 from Nellie, H. Clowin, J. T. Pullen, W. H. P. de Licton, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. H. Hayton, Spec, Captain J. A. Challice, and J. H. Blood (York). CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2387 received from A. W. Hamilton (Gell, Exeter), Dr. P. St. W. R. Baillem, D. McGor (Galway), T. Robert, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, S. King, G. W. Lines, G. J. Veale, H. S. B. (Fairholme), C. M. A. B. Jupiter Junior, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), I. W. S. Kover, A. Newman, J. Cond, T. G. (Ware), Alpha, Martin P. E. Casella (Paris), P. G. Lovian (Shrewsbury), J. Dixon, Thomas Chown, Mrs. Kelly (Kelly House), Ben Nevis, R. P. N. Banks, B. D. Knox, Bernard Reynolds, N. Harris, E. London, A. Gwinner, L. Desanges, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Captain J. A. Challice, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. C. Tabor, R. H. Brooks, Julia Short (Exeter), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and F. Goshing.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2335. By W. BIDDLE.

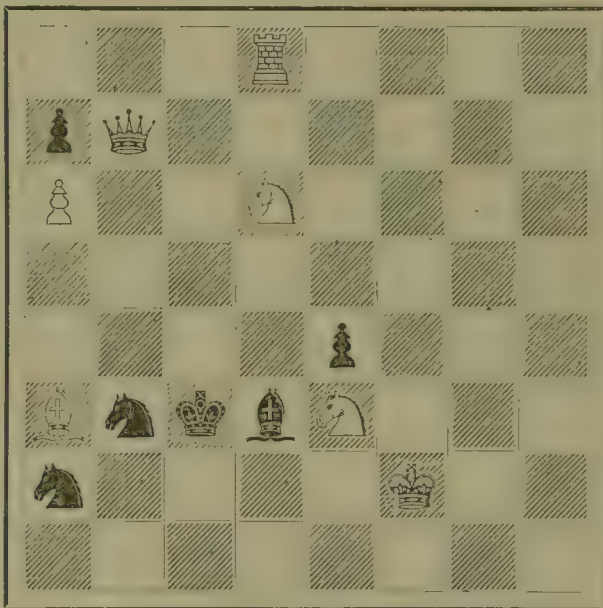
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K R 8th K to Kt 5th  
2. R to K 4th (ch) Any move  
3. Q Mates.

If Black play 1. K to Kt 3rd the answer is 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch), &c.

### PROBLEM No. 2389.

By FRANK HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

### CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. LOMAN and WAINWRIGHT.

(Sicilian Game.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	White has conducted his game with excellent judgment, and now assumes the offensive at the right moment.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. B to Q 2nd	
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	20. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
	P to K 3rd is more usual.	21. Kt to Q 5th	B to B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	P to Kt 2nd		
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K Kt 5th		
9. B takes Kt	B takes B		
10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		
11. B to R 6th	Castles		
12. B takes B	K takes B		
13. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd		
	A bad resting-place. Besides blocking his own Pawns, this Bishop will have to continue his retreat as soon as the opposing K B P is advanced.		
14. Castles (K R)	Q to Kt 3rd		
	Q to B 2nd is better. Black's position is now critical, and will require the greatest care in its defence.		
15. P to Q Kt 3rd	K R to B sq		
	The object of this move is not easy to discover. P to K B 4th, or Q R to Kt sq, seems more to the purpose.		
16. Kt to R 4th	Q to Kt 2nd		
17. P to Q B 4th	P to Q R 4th		
18. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th		
	P to K B 4th might still have been played.		
19. P to B 5th			
	Of no use. The K stood better where it was.		
	28. Q to K 4th	P to Kt 4th	
	29. P to R 4th	P to R 3rd	
	30. K R to K 3rd		
	White leaves no loophole of escape. The defence, though farseeing, is quite unavailing.		
	31. Q to Kt 4th	Q to Kt sq	
	32. P takes P	Q to K sq	
	33. R to R 3rd	R P takes P	
	34. R to R 5th	K R to R 2nd	
	35. Q to R 3rd	R to Kt 7th	
	36. R to R 6th, and wins.	Q to Kt sq	

The portrait and biographical sketch in the December number of the *Chess Monthly* is that of Mr. Frank Healey. This is the first occasion that the subject has been chosen out of the ranks of the players, and the famous English problem-composer is well deserving of the compliment implied in the choice. He has long held the foremost place in this country in the branch of chess which he has done so much to perfect and popularise, and nearly forty years have seen no diminution in his fame. His powers of composition, although not so frequently employed, are as good as ever, and his productions are marked by an ingenuity of construction and subtlety of play which no other composer can command. The problem printed above is an original position contributed to accompany the memoir.

A new chess column has been started in the pages of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. G. C. Heywood is the editor, than whom a better for the purpose would be difficult to find.

Mr. Bird visited the Plymouth Chess Club on Jan. 8, and received a hearty welcome from its members, thirty-one of whom he met subsequently in simultaneous play. Of these games he won four, drew seven, and lost three, the winners being Messrs. Turner, Wright, and Pearce.

*Chess-player's Annual and Club Directory, 1890.* (Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.)—The success of the issue for 1889 has encouraged the compilers to venture on the present edition, which certainly contains much useful information. By way of novelty an essay on four-hand chess is introduced; but the game appears too intricate ever to become popular.

It has been decided by the Grantham Board of Guardians to sell the workhouse premises to the Great Northern Railway Company for £13,500, the railway authorities agreeing to give 200 guineas to cover the cost of purchase of land for a new workhouse.

Lord Brassey on Jan. 11 presided at a large gathering, held at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley, in Kent. His Lordship pointed out that the institution was one of the very best of charities, for not only did the course of instruction educate a boy, but it also taught him a trade whereby, later in life, he was enabled to support himself. Two thousand pounds are urgently needed to carry on the work, and, indeed, two of the homes at Farningham are temporarily closed for want of funds. After the speechmaking, the lads gave a capital concert and a display of drill and gymnastics, quite admirable in effect.

## THE YANGTSE RIVER OF CHINA.

We are favoured by Mrs. Archibald Little with some photographs, taken by her, of the grand and beautiful scenery of the gorges through which flow the rapids of the Upper Yangtze, the great river that traverses the whole breadth of China from south-west to the east coast. On this river is situated Hankow, a city and inland port of much commercial importance from its central position, accessible by ships from the open sea, to a distance of nearly six hundred miles above Shanghai, and now promised a direct railway communication with Peking to the north. Some illustrations of the Yangtze at Hankow lately appeared in this Journal; but much interest has also been excited in the undertaking of the Upper Yangtze Steam Navigation Company, formed in London about three years ago, for the purpose of opening to foreign trade the port of Chungking, the great trading mart of the vast Western province of Szechuen. This city is situated 1500 miles from the mouth of the river, and its establishment as an open port is dependent upon the successful ascent of the river by steamers. Sir Thomas Wade, in 1875, when negotiating the Chefoo Convention with Li Hung Chang, was anxious to add Chungking to the ports already opened in China by previous treaties, to enable British-manufactured goods to be carried free of all transit dues, after payment of the single import duty only, right into the far west of the Empire. Under the favoured-nation clause all foreign Powers having treaties with China are equally benefited; and as the list of shareholders in the Upper Yangtze Company comprises members of several foreign nationalities interested, along with British subjects, the enterprise may be justly styled an international one. The concessions made by the Chefoo Convention in 1876 were given as a sort of atonement for the murder of Margary in Yunnan, in the previous year, but were only yielded under the guns of our fleet, assembled in Chefoo Harbour at the time. One of the clauses of this Convention stipulated for the navigation of the Upper Yangtze by British steamers. Mr. Archibald Little was the first to make application to be permitted to run steamers under this agreement. The Tsung-li Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office, assented—as they could not but do—and promised to make the necessary arrangements. Nearly five years have since elapsed, and the completion of the "arrangements" is as far off as ever; indeed, it hardly appears that they ever seriously intended they should be completed. Steamers are permitted to ascend no higher than Ichang, which is 1000 miles from the mouth of the river. Local opposition is the difficulty alleged, but all who know China are aware that any such opposition, even if it exists, is powerless to interfere with any innovation that has the Government support. The ports open to foreign trade have successively exchanged steam for junk navigation without any manifestations of ill-feeling on the part of the population, and even the loss of the octroi, or likin taxes, consequent upon the opening of new ports, has been submitted to by the local officials concerned without a murmur. In the present case the central Government has only to order, and there will be no local resistance. Mr. Little has made numerous visits to the rapids since his project was started, and met nothing but friendly curiosity, on the part of the people and junkmen, as to the coming of the steamer.

The following descriptive notes, written by Mrs. Archibald Little, will serve as a commentary on the views photographed by that lady during a house-boat trip up the rapids of the great river, which are minutely described in her husband's book, published in 1888 by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., containing a full account of trade and travel up the Yangtze, and of the city of Chungking:—

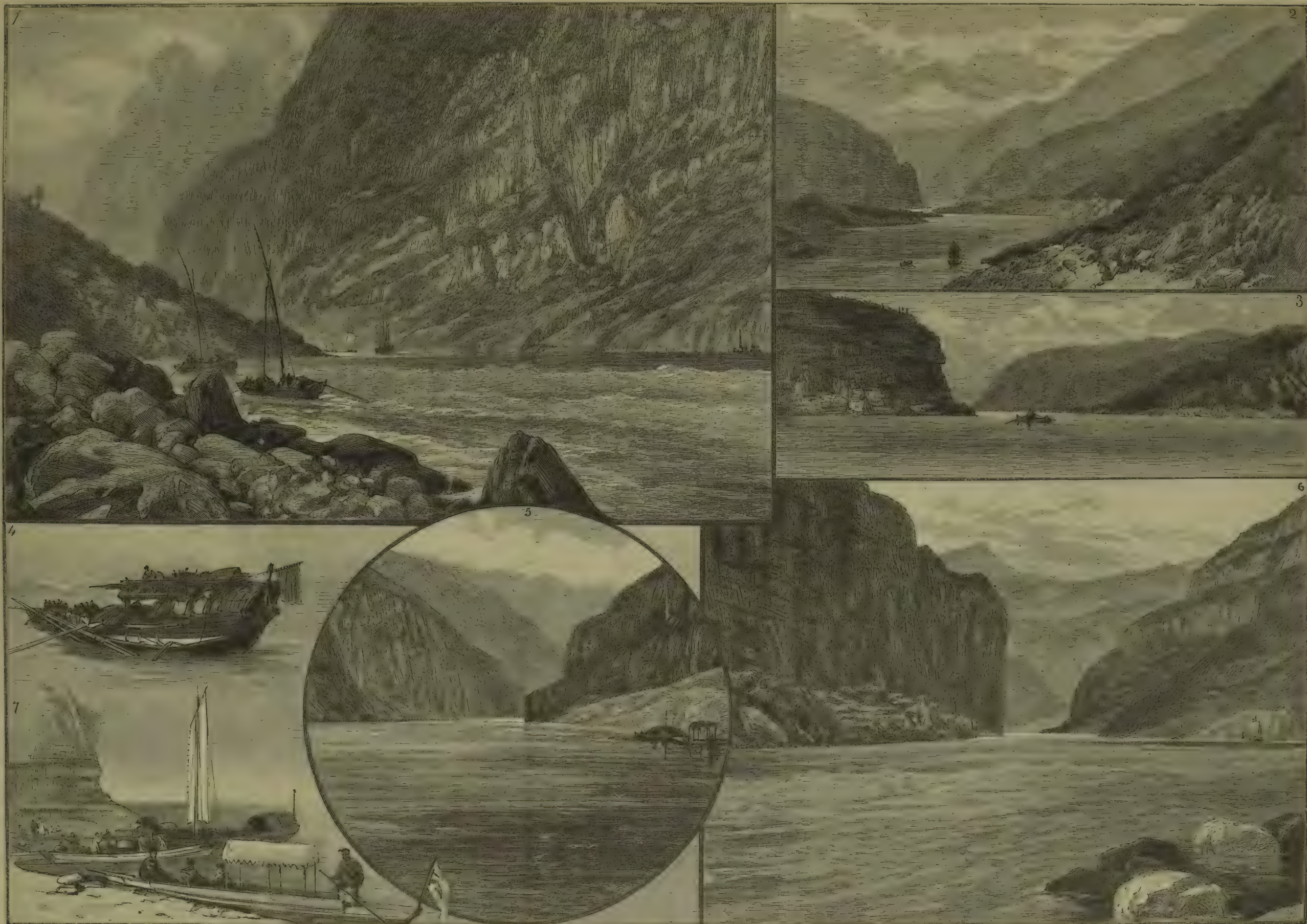
"The Yangtze gorges must now be reckoned among those great and famous sights which everyone who would see the world must see if he can. It is not enough, any longer, to have visited the arid cañons of the Colorado; the gorges of the Yangtze more than rival the cañons in grandeur, and boast also a vegetation and flora unsurpassed in loveliness. Wild roses bloom with a luxuriance quite Chinese, the lilac, wistaria, honeysuckle, and azalea succeed one another, and the maidenhair fern waves everywhere; the air is fragrant, all the while, with the blossoms of many beautiful flowering trees. The Niuken gorge is sometimes reckoned the loveliest, but beyond that is the far more awe-inspiring Ping-Slu, whose precipitous sides, reaching some 1000 ft. straight up, without even a grip for the nails of a drowning man, and whose deep waters, to which no bottom has ever been found, baffle the attempt to land, while the artist and photographer can scarcely do them justice.

"A steam-launch has already made its way, without being towed, up several of the rapids, and it is to be hoped the Chinese Government may soon decide no longer to stop the Kuling, a sternwheeler especially built for this route. But hitherto, above Ichang, which is situated just below the entrance to the gorges, the river voyage has to be made, not only by the enterprising tourist, but by every cargo of merchandise, in junks, which are towed up the succession of rapids foaming in the gorges. The junks are manned sometimes by two or three hundred men, often going on all fours like so many donkeys, and always encouraged at difficult bits by gang-leaders, dressed in some fantastic attire or stripped naked, who shout and dance about, and not seldom strike vigorous blows upon the men's backs, in the fashion of the clown in pantomime. Sometimes the tow-line breaks, and the boat goes whirling down stream with a rapidity quite unlike its upward mode of progression. The carriage of goods from Ichang to Chungking, five hundred miles, costs about three times as much as from London to Shanghai, ten thousand miles; and not uncommonly, out of a company of boats, two will be lost, thus rendering an expensive cargo of machinery useless until a fresh consignment of the missing pieces be received from Europe. At the great rapid of the Shin-Tan, goods are generally landed and carried round on men's backs. It is usual also for passengers to land and walk. But, as it is, the loss of life is great, in spite of the admirably organised service of Chinese life-boats, stationed at each of the rapids."

Lord Romilly, who was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1864, has recently been elected a Bencher of that society. His grandfather, Sir Samuel Romilly, was a Bencher of the Inn and Treasurer in 1803. His father, Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, was also a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and twice filled the office of Treasurer, once in 1846 and again in 1866.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, held on Jan. 11, Dr. R. C. A. Prior in the chair, among the donations presented to the museum was a specimen of the double cocoa-nut, or *Coccoloba mer*, now known to come from the Seychelles, a small group of islands in the Tropics. For some hundreds of years these nuts had been occasionally found washed up by the sea, when their extraordinary appearance, large size, and mysterious origin gave rise to many stories of miraculous virtues in the cure of diseases; some are even said to have been sold for their weight in gold. This specimen had belonged to General Gordon, and was given by him to General Gerald Graham, by whom it was presented to the society.





1. The Shin T'an Great Rapid, where goods are landed to be carried on men's backs. 2. Approaching the Nukan Gorge. 3. Entrance to the Ichang Gorge. 4. Junk, downward-bound. 5. Looking down the Nukan Gorge. 6. The Tungling Rapid. 7. Ferry opposite Ichang.

SKETCHES ON THE YANGTZE RIVER, CHINA.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 4, 1888) of the Rev. Henry George Watkins, Vicar of St. John's Church, Potter's Bar, Middlesex, who died on Nov. 3 last, was proved on Dec. 9 by the Rev. Henry George Watkins, the son, Henry Parker Parkfield, and the Rev. Hugh Huleatt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £251,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, and the Society for the Relief of Poor Pious Clergymen; £100 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the British Orphan Asylum, and the City of London Truss Society; £50 each to the Samaritan Societies in connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital and St. Thomas's Hospital; £100 to the Potter's Bar Cottage Hospital; £50 to the National School, Potter's Bar, if supported by voluntary contributions and not by a rate; and £10 each to the Potter's Bar Provident Society and the Potter's Bar Coal Charity. There are gifts of presentation and family plate (including the silver salver presented to his late father, the Rev. H. G. Watkins, by the parishioners of St. Swithin's, London, in 1834), and other articles, to his said son, his two daughters, and a granddaughter. The advowson of St. Swithin London Stone, to which he has the alternate right of presentation, he devises to his son, the said Rev. Henry George Watkins, in fee, and he earnestly hopes that should he have the opportunity he will take great care to present a clergyman who will preach the gospel in the said church. He gives various freehold and leasehold properties and £30,000 New Consols to his said son; a freehold house in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, and £25,000 New Consols, upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Mary Grubb; a freehold house in Hatton-garden and £25,000 New Consols upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Symes Thompson; a freehold house in Hatton-garden to each of his sons-in-law, Colonel Alexander Grubb and Edmund Symes Thompson, M.D.; a freehold house in Betterton-street, Long Acre, to his brother-in-law, the said Rev. H. Huleatt; a freehold house in Hatton-garden and £2000 to Mrs. Huleatt, the sister of his late wife; and numerous legacies to grandchildren, nephews, nieces, the churchwarden, clerk, bell-toller, and sexton of St. John's Church, schoolmaster, servants and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to his said son, and one third upon the trusts of the marriage settlements of each of his said two daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1889) of Miss Anne Raphael, late of Stockwell Hall, Billericay, Essex, who died on Oct. 27 last, at Ditton Hall, Thames Ditton, was proved on Jan. 8 by the Hon. John Henry Savile, the nephew, and Charles John Mander, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £235,000. The testatrix devises Stockwell Hall, and all her freehold and copyhold estates in the counties of Essex, Middlesex, and Herts, or elsewhere in England (except in the county of Surrey), to the use of her sister, the Right Hon. Agnes Louisa Elizabeth, Countess of Mexborough, for life, with remainder to her said nephew, the Hon. John Henry Savile, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to her nephew, the Hon. George Savile, for life. There is a gift over of such settled property (excepting the Stockwell Hall

estate and her house in Dover-street) in the event of her nephew Henry John succeeding to the title and dignity of Earl of Mexborough; Ditton Lodge and all her freehold and copyhold property in the county of Surrey, including the church of St. Raphael, presbytery and school at Kingston, she devises to the use of her said sister, for life, with remainder to her nephew, the Hon. George Savile, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The furniture, plate, pictures, books, statuary, ornaments, articles of vertu at Ditton Hall, and the organ, fixtures, and furniture of the said church, are made heirlooms, to go with the Ditton Hall estate; and the furniture, plate, pictures, statues, articles of vertu, &c., at Stockwell Hall, and the plate at her bankers, are made heirlooms, to go with the Stockwell Hall estate. In the event of her not making a separate testamentary instrument dealing with her freehold and immovable property in Lombardy, Italy, she directs it to be sold, and the proceeds to pass with her residuary personal estate. Her furniture, plate, and effects at No. 33, Dover-street, a diamond ring, her laces and wardrobe, and such trinkets as she may select, she bequeaths to her sister; her jewels and £5000 to her niece, Lady Mary Louisa Savile; and £200 to her executor, Mr. Mander. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said sister, for life; then, as to £45,000, upon further trust, for her said niece; and the ultimate residue is to be divided in equal shares between her said two nephews, John Henry and George.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1889) of Mr. W. H. Wakefield, J.P., D.L., Chairman of Quarter Sessions, late of Sedgwick House, near Kendal, was proved in the District Registry at Carlisle on Dec. 30. The executors are the testator's son Jacob Wakefield and Mr. William Dillworth Crewdson. Testator devises his Lancashire property and an annuity of £800 to Mrs. Wakefield, for life; and he makes a bequest to her of furniture, and an immediate legacy of £1000, these gifts being in addition to Hollins Farm with Lane House, settled upon her for life. Testator devises his Lancashire property, subject to the widow's life estate, to his son W. H. Wakefield absolutely; he also gives to him a third of his share in the gunpowder business of W. H. Wakefield and Co. He gives an annuity, for life, to his son John. To his daughters, in addition to the sums settled upon his married daughters at the times of their marriage, he bequeaths annuities amounting together to £2000. The residue of his personalty and his Westmoreland estates (comprising the bulk of his property), and all his other estates, with the exception of those in Lancashire, he gives to his son Jacob absolutely, who succeeds the testator in the banking firm of Wakefield, Crewdson, and Co., and to two thirds of his interest in W. H. Wakefield and Co. The value of the personalty (as distinguished from the landed property) amounts to upwards of £111,000.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1881), with three codicils (dated July 24, 1882; Sept. 24, 1883; and Feb. 4, 1884), of Mr. William James Hope Gambier, formerly of Welford Lodge, Leamington, and late of Smedmore, Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, who died on Nov. 19 last, was proved on Jan. 8 by Charles Townshend Murdoch and Captain Eustace Gambier Mansel, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator leaves £4000 to Cecil Trevor Gardiner; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his sister, Mrs. Jemima Henrietta Mansel, for life. At his sister's death he bequeaths £20,000 to his nephew, Eustace Gambier Mansel; and as to the ultimate residue, he

gives one moiety, upon trust, for his niece Elizabeth Henrietta Mansel; and the other moiety, upon trust, for his niece Louisa Mary Mansel.

The will (dated April 10, 1883) of Mr. Charles Edward Tuck, J.P., late of No. 28, St. Giles-street, Norwich, and of The Grove, Blofield, Norfolk, who died on Nov. 16 last, was proved on Jan. 2 by George Hustler Tuck, Albert Hustler Tuck, and Algernon Devereux Tuck, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator recites that his son George Hustler will succeed, at his death, to the Blofield estate; and he devises his property at Surlingham, Rockland, and Bramerton, with the lordship or manor of Surlingham, certain rights of fishing, and a swanmark (subject to certain charges thereon) to his son Albert Hustler, in fee; and the Hartshall, and Botesdale Hall estates to his son Algernon Devereux, in fee. Out of a sum of £12,000 in settlement he appoints £7000 to his son Albert; £3000 to his daughter Edith Bessie Jane; and £2000, upon trust, for his said daughter during the widowhood of his wife, and then to his son Algernon. He bequeaths £3000 each to his sons Albert and Algernon; £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Emily Mary Tuck, for life, then as to £5000 thereof for his daughter Edith Bessie Jane, and as to £5000 for his daughter Ella Mary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons Albert and Algernon, in equal shares.

Forty thousand communications are daily made by telephone in London over the lines of the National Telephone Company, according to a statement made at a Royal Institution lecture.

The Right Hon. D. Plunket, First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works, &c., has written to the Marylebone Vestry, in reply to a resolution passed by them, stating that "to throw the slips on the north bank of the canal in Regent's Park open to the public would entail an expenditure for maintenance and protection that would be very heavy, and out of proportion to the advantage which the public would derive therefrom, and regretting that he cannot undertake to comply with the wishes of the Vestry in the matter."

The emigration returns for the past year have been issued by Mr. Giffen from the Board of Trade. Nearly 344,000 left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe during the year. As usual, Ireland contributes, in proportion to population, by far the greatest number of these returns. About 65,000 emigrants were of Irish nationality. Though England has more than five times the population, she has only a little more than two and a half times the number of emigrants, the exact number being 164,225. The numbers have fallen back in both cases, however, since the previous year.

The wedding of the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Parker, M.A., ninth son of the Earl of Macclesfield, to the Hon. Maud Frances Bateman-Hanbury, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Bateman, took place on Jan. 8, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square. The service was conducted by the bridegroom's brother, the Hon. and Rev. Algernon Parker, assisted by the uncle of the bride, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Bateman-Hanbury. The bridegroom's best man was a younger brother, the Hon. Henry Parker; and the bride was given away by her father. Her trainbearer was Master Ronald Parker, one of the bridegroom's nephews; and there were six bridesmaids—the Hon. Gertrude, the Hon. Rosamund, the Hon. Cecilia, and the Hon. Decima Bateman-Hanbury, sisters of the bride; and the Ladies Mary and Evelyn Parker, sisters of the bridegroom.

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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

If we want to know what male millinery can be, we must go to the Academy Winter Exhibition. There is an entire room there given up to portraits of the period of James I. and the early years of Charles I. They come all from two English collections, but the painters were Dutch, in the palmy days of the Dutch school. It is a very interesting collection, showing a smartness in men's dress of which few of us had any idea. They have immensely wide trunk hose, that look almost like petticoats; and these and their close-fitting coats are of superb brocades. Then they have little vests of pleated muslin, and big square transparent lace ruffs, and such garters, and such rosettes on their shoes! Their garters are like great scarves. Some are of black velvet, some of silk of many colours, all tied in immense full bows; and as to the rosettes, they entirely cover the foot. One young fop, Lord Dorset, positively has his rosettes made of a stiff fringe, every strand of which finishes with a precious stone: rubies, diamonds, and sapphires are there! Then his white silk stockings are "clocked" with embroidery in many colours, and the heels of the shoes are "Louis Quinze" height, cut away at each corner in a most coquettish fashion. His nice brown hair is brushed straight up above his brow, and he has a little pointed beard, both which go well with his ruff of fine point lace, square over his chest and rising behind his ears; while on the table beside him stands what looks at first sight like a miniature fountain in play, but turns out to be a tall helmet formed of a series of overlapping plates of damascened metal, with a great upright spreading plume on the top.

Those were times for men who like smartness—poor masers of to-day sink into nothingness by comparison. What is the best a man can do to-day? All black and white—nothing but white and black! The most unbecoming colour, or no-colour, that there is in the world! Even in levée dress, now-a-days, there is still the same dull, dismal, doleful, distressing darkness of garb. We can only know how much better many of our male relations might look than they in fact do, by passing glimpses of them in the pink of the hunting-field, or in volunteer or regular uniform, or in the costume of some bygone age at an occasional fancy-dress ball. Then we perceive how at least half their potential good looks are lost to our daily view by the bad shape, and the unattractive material, and the dead uniformity of black and white, of the masculine costume of the Victorian era.

Come now! Men are always criticising our dress. Why should not we take a turn of criticising theirs? It is not for their sakes that I write; it is for ours. We have to look at them, and it is only right that they should try to be pleasing in our eyes. Everyone of the lower animals follows that law between the sexes. It is the male bird that in the heyday of youth puts on fine plumage; it is the lion, not the lioness, that grows an ornamental mane; the male in every species, as Darwin has shown clearly, dresses up or shows off his prowess to attract the female sex, and, generally, men have not despised adornment. The men of to-day are peculiar in their content with baggy, black, thick clothing, unbecoming to figure and complexion alike. Let there be a reform! Let the men of to-day visit the Tudor Exhibition and the "Fighting Veres" collection of portraits at the Academy, and judge how much better-looking they themselves would be were their garb more

like that of their valiant ancestors—picturesque in cut, suited to display the figure, agreeable to the eye in colour.

Of course, they cannot go back to the old fashions. Nobody wants that. Let each generation live its own life in its own garb. But is there not enough sense in the whole male sex to invent some costume for themselves at once becoming, comfortable, and healthful? [Please note: I constructed that last sentence on the model of the eternal diatribes of some gentlemanly critics on female dress—it is not in my ordinary style, as will be at once perceived.] The young Emperor of Germany has made a beginning. He is going to have his Court dress in future the same as was worn by his ancestors' courtiers in the last century. If he slavishly follows those ancient models it will be absurd: his Court will be like a perennial fancy-dress ball. But if he will allow in details a reasonable latitude to the taste of to-day, something interesting may be evolved—just as the First Empire dress for women came out of Greek models, and as our pretty evening gowns this season are evolved from the Napoleonic ideas. Well, then, in the next place, let velvet coats be worn in evenings. If only Prince Edward would appear next season in a dark plum-coloured or a warm-brown velvet coat at some ball, many men would follow his example gladly. For most of them do not like their present style of dress any better than I do. How does a man dress when he is free to do what he really likes? In knickerbockers, in flannels, in Norfolk jacket, or short coat, and soft, low hat—never in the costume of civilised convention, baggy trousers, stuffy, ill-fitting, semi-tight black cloth coat, senseless backless and chestless vest, stiff starched front, torturing tall collar, and chimney-pot hat.

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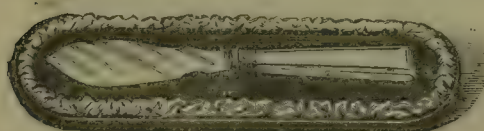
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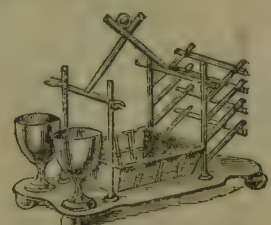
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in January than in May, because so few rooms are open for the winter exhibition. But there were not at this private view many well-known faces. Lady Edmund Talbot (who was with Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the novelist) wore a mantle that was one of the successes of the day's dress. It was of grey cloth, concealing the gown, and had long hanging sleeves, deeply edged with chinchilla—in fact, the sleeves were almost covered with the delicate, pretty grey fur. Another success was Lady Dilke's fine white cloth long Russian mantle, edged everywhere with very narrow strips of otter fur. Mrs. Ashton Dilke—one of the lady members of the London School Board—had a very elegant dress of terra-cotta armure, mixed with brocade of a terra-cotta ground and tiny flowers upon it; one half of the bodice had a plain piece of brocade let in, the other half was the armure draped. A slightly trained black silk with deep steel passementerie all round the bottom of the skirt as well as on the bodice was effective: so was an emerald-green velvet with black moiré trimmings, worn with a bonnet of Czar violets.

There seems something out of nature in a sick child. But, alas! only too often the little lives learn the sorrow and weariness of pain. Bad enough anywhere, illness in a poor home, with scant food, crowded rooms, unskilled nursing, and noisy and dirty surroundings, is dreadful indeed. A poor children's hospital, therefore, specially appeals to our feelings of compassion and sympathy. The Evelina Hospital for sick children is situated in the Borough, where no similar charity is accessible, and where there is much poverty. It is a monument erected by Baron F. de Rothschild to the memory of his wife, the late Baroness Evelina. Not only did he erect it, but he also endowed it with an annual income, though, of course, it depends largely upon voluntary subscriptions. The hospital is open to all sick children: indeed, even in the ward specially called "The Jews' Ward," there were only two children who appeared to belong to the race of the founder. The chairman of the committee is the Hon. Conrad Dillon, and nearly all his committee are, like himself, English, so that there is nothing whatever sectarian about the institution. There is, however, abundant evidence in the wards of the generosity of Jews towards the charity. In one ward there is a magnificent grand piano, and in another an American organ, both the gift of Mr. Marcus, an American Jew. A fine velocipede in the shape of a great white china swan, for convalescents' use in

the ward, is the present of one of the Rothschild ladies. The large fir-trees to bear the New Year's presents, one in each ward, come from the estate of another of that family.

The Lord Mayor visited the hospital in state on Jan. 7, when the annual fête took place. With great kindness, Lord Mayor Isaacs wore his scarlet robes and his chain and diamond jewel to walk through the wards, so that all the little ones could see for themselves how grand a thing it is to be successor to their well-known hero Dick Whittington. The trees were loaded with toys—dolls, games, sets of harness for playing horses, skipping-ropes, harmonicons and musical boxes, kaleidoscopes and microscopes, mechanical toys, and every variety of delightful novelty. The chief station, for all London, of the Fire Brigade is just opposite the hospital, and the kind firemen came in with their ladders to dress the trees and decorate the walls with evergreens and flags. It is easy to believe that, notwithstanding sickness and pain, this day will be one marked with a white stone in the calendar of the pale-faced, bright-eyed little creatures in the beds.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The *Daily News* learns from Rome of the sums taken last year for St. Peter's pence:—From Austria came about £16,000, Spain £8000, France £12,800, Germany £7200, Ireland £6000, England £3800, Belgium £6200, Switzerland £2200, Poland £3400, North America £7400, South America £12,400, Africa £3800, Asia £4000, Roumania £4000, Italy £14,200, and Portugal £6000. Other sums making up £4000 were collected in Australia, Oceania, Russia, Sweden, Norway, &c. The whole sum received was about £120,000, being less by £6000 than what was received in 1888. The European States which contributed nothing to St. Peter's pence were Turkey, Montenegro, Greece, and Servia.

At the London Institution, on Jan. 13, Sir Philip Magnus delivered a lecture on University Education in London, in which he referred to the early history and progress of the University of London, and dealt with the circumstances that had led to the recent appointment of a Royal Commission. Having pointed out that the great object aimed at was to transform the University from an examining into a teaching body, he said that, properly reorganised, it was competent to direct the higher training of the metropolis. Teachers would have no cause for complaint when their voice was heard in its councils; and it would bring together eminent professors and

teachers of the metropolis, while its governing body would consist of men eminent in their various walks of life. It would thus acquire an individuality of its own; and, while it would confer its degrees upon those who gave evidence of acquired knowledge and systematic training, it would be an institution for advancing higher learning, for encouraging research, for the creation of new knowledge, and for the dissemination of the results of the labours and investigations of the thinkers and workers who would constitute its professorial staff.

The Prince of Wales has sent thirty pheasants for the use of the patients in Brompton Hospital.

Mr. William Patchett, Q.C., has been elected by the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple a member of the committee of the Inns of Court Bar Library, Royal Courts of Justice, in place of the late Sir John Maule, Q.C.

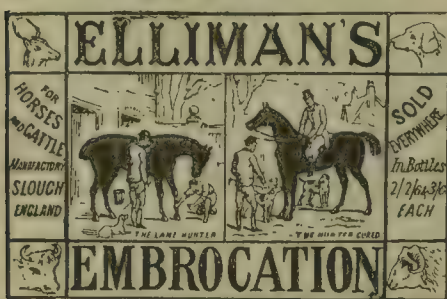
Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, has devoted the balance of the gift made to him by the diocese on his eightieth birthday to the erection of a House of Rest in the city of Wells. He would not accept a pastoral staff, but consented to receive an episcopal ring.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has received a letter from Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., secretary of the Guinness Trust, asking the co-operation of the Dublin Corporation in selecting sites for building dwellings for the poor. Mr. Knowles also appeals to owners of ground in Dublin and others to aid the trustees, who are anxious to begin work in Dublin at once.

Mr. John Farnworth, a Liverpool timber merchant, has bequeathed to charities in Liverpool and elsewhere £22,000. The Wesleyan Methodist Ministers and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund receives £5000; the Wesleyan Schools at Woodhouse-grove and Kingswood, £1000; the Wesleyan Theological Institution, £2000; and the Wesleyan Missionary Society, £1000.

Presiding over the annual meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which was held on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, on Jan. 13, Mr. Henry Irving mentioned that the year's work had been satisfactory in every respect. The subscriptions had increased, the benefits conferred were greater in number and amount, and at the same time the expenses had diminished. Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Toole, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. S. B. Bancroft, and other gentlemen also addressed the meeting. The report was unanimously adopted.

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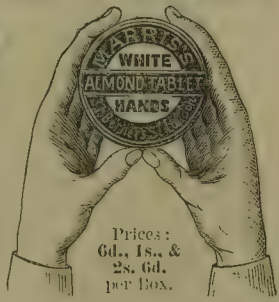
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## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Parliamentary Session was opened on Jan. 14. In the Chamber of Deputies the only business was the election of M. Floquet as President. The sitting of the Senate was merely formal.

The little King of Spain appears to have passed through the crisis of his malady, and the latest reports are of his recovery of appetite and strength.

An ultimatum from the British Government, demanding the recall of the Portuguese forces from the banks of the Shire River and Mashonaland, and requesting a reply within twenty-four hours, was delivered in Lisbon on Jan. 11. The Council of State at once met, the King presiding, and, after deliberating till an early hour next morning, replied that, yielding to the pressure of a Power of the first rank, against which Portugal was not strong enough to contend, it would order the withdrawal of the forces as requested, while reserving the rights of the Crown in those territories. The resignation of the Ministry followed immediately upon its acceptance of the British ultimatum, and Senhor Serpa Pimentel was charged with the formation of a new Cabinet. Senhor Barros Gomes has personally expressed to Mr. Petre

the regret of the Portuguese Government at an outrage committed at the British Consulate on the 11th, when the escutcheon was torn down. Subsequently the British Minister received a note from the Government expressing regret at the incident, and assuring him that the escutcheon should be replaced and the damage repaired. The author of the outrage, a Spanish coal-miner, who was accompanied by a crowd of young students, would, adds the note, be handed over to the proper tribunal.

The Empress-Queen Augusta of Germany was buried in great State at Berlin on Jan. 11. Particulars of the ceremony are given in another column.

Jan. 12 being the eve of the Russian New Year, the Imperial Court, as usual, went into St. Petersburg to open the winter season next morning by a grand reception in the Winter Palace, at which the felicitations of the season were offered to their Imperial Majesties by all the high military and civil functionaries of the Empire.—In publishing his Budget estimates for the ensuing year the Minister of Finance states that there will be no increase of taxation, and no fresh burdens imposed on the people.

Mr. Stanley and his companions arrived on Jan. 14 at

Cairo, where they were received by the Khedive, who entertained them at dinner.

A Central News telegram from New York states that Mr. Jacob Schiff, of that city, has given £10,000 to Harvard University to found a museum for the study of the literature, history, and relics of Semitic peoples.—Various parts of the United States have been visited by severe storms. Tempests and shipwrecks are reported on the Atlantic coast; while in the west a terrible cyclone ran its course, inflicting great damage to stores, factories, dwelling-houses, and churches. Three lives were lost at St. Louis, and numerous personal injuries occurred.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature has been dissolved, and the general elections will be held on Jan. 30.

In New South Wales splendid rains have fallen in the districts where they were most needed.

At a meeting of the Scottish Home Rule Association, held in Edinburgh on Jan. 13, the secretary intimated that the Marquis of Bute had sent a cheque for £200 in aid of the objects of the association, along with 10,000 copies of his pamphlet entitled "Parliament in Scotland."

**LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—EVERY EVENING** at Eight o'clock, **THE DEAD HEART.** Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily Ten to Five. Carriages at 10.45.—**LYCEUM.**

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LE VOYAGE EN CHINE.—Jan. 18-21.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Mouliérat, Isnardon.

LE DOMINO NOIR.—Jan. 25-28.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Mouliérat, Isnardon.

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.—Feb. 1-4.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Isnardon, Mouliérat, Gourdon.

LE MEDECIN MALGRÉ LUI.—Feb. 8-11.—Mdlle. Deschamps; MM. Mouliérat, Isnardon.

HAMLET.—Feb. 15-20.—Mesdames Melba, Deschamps; M. Dereims.

ROMEO ET JULIETTE.—Feb. 22-25.—Mesdames Melba, Degrandi; M. Dereims.

LE SOUVENIR SEIGNEUR.—March 1.—Mdlle. Paulin; M. Soulaacroix.

LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.—March 4.—Mdlle. Levasseur; M. Soulaacroix.

ZAMPA.—March 8-11.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulaacroix, Paulin.

JOLI GILLES.—March 15-18.—Mdlle. Paulin; MM. Soulaacroix, Isnardon.

LA FETE AU VILLAGE VOISIN.—March 22-25.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulaacroix, Isnardon.

LE PILOTE.—March 29-31.—Mdlle. Levasseur, Paulin.

There will be given a Grand Ballet Divertissement after each Representation, and Four Performances will also be given by the Comédie Française.

The Classical Concerts, under the direction of M. Steck, will be given every Thursday throughout the season; and the ordinary Concerts will take place morning and evening as heretofore.

## PIGEON-SHOOTING CONCOURS.

1890.

Saturday Jan. 18.—Poule d'Essai, Prix Dicks, Poule Réglementaire (Handicap).

Sunday, Jan. 19.—NICE RACES.—Third day.

Prix du Chemin de Fer, Steeple Handicap, 4000 francs.

Prix de la Société des Courses, Steeple Race, 15,000 francs.

Prix du Conseil Municipal, Hurdle Race, 4000 francs.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Opening "Grand Concours Internationaux," Grand Poule d'Essai, first day, 2000 francs and a poule of 100 francs each.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—NICE RACES.—Fourth and last day.

Prix d'Eze, Hurdles, 4000 francs.

Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, Steeple Handicap, 20,000 francs.

Prix de S.A.S. Le Prince de Monaco, Hurdle Handicap, 4000 francs.

Wednesday, Jan. 22.—Prix d'Ouverture (second day), an Object of Art and 3000 francs.

Friday, Jan. 24.—Third day.—Concours Internationaux.

Saturday, Jan. 25.—Fourth day.—Grand Prix du Casino, an object of Art and 2000 francs.

Tuesday, Jan. 28.—Fifth day.—Prix de Monte Carlo, Grand Handicap, 3000 francs.

Thursday, Jan. 30.—Sixth day.—Prix de Consolation, an object of Art and 1000 francs.

Saturday, Feb. 1.—Prix Supplémentaire Maiden Cup, Handicap, an object of Art and 1000 francs.

Tuesday, Feb. 4.—Prix de Roquebrune.

Saturday, Feb. 8.—Prix de la Turbie.

Tuesday, Feb. 11.—Prix de Menton.

Saturday, Feb. 15.—Prix des Alpes Maritimes.

Tuesday, Feb. 18.—Prix du Sar.

Saturday, Feb. 22.—Prix de Laghet.

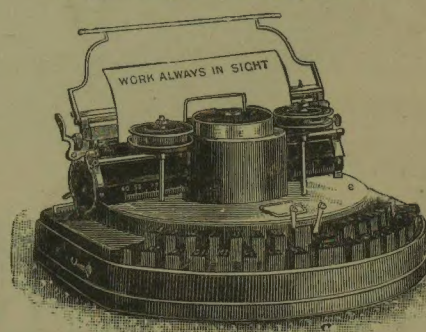
Tuesday, Feb. 25.—Prix du Cup Saint-Jean.

Saturday, March 1.—Prix de la Rivière.

Tuesday, March 4.—Grand Prix de Clôture, an object of Art and 2000 francs.

Wednesday, March 5.—Grand Prix de Clôture, an object of Art and 2000 francs; Prix d'Adresse.

Saturday, March 8.—Opening of the Third Series of Shooting Matches, of which notice will be given.

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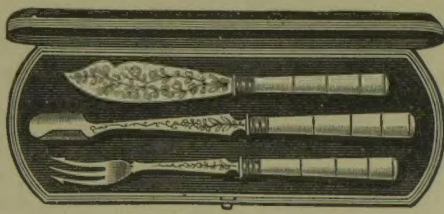
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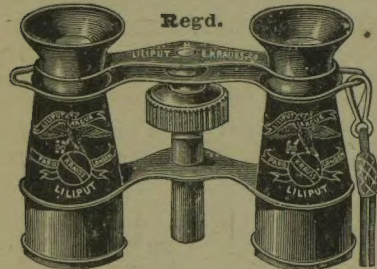
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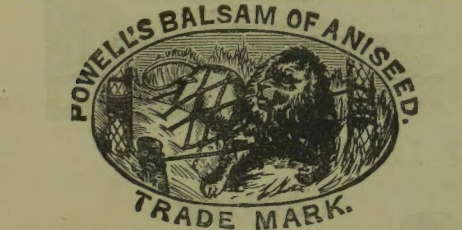
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